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THE CABINET AND THE CRISIS

LAST Sunday's emergency meeting of the Cabinet, with Ministers recalled by aeroplane from their holidays, produced the inevitable crop of hectic rumours; Mr. Attlee, we were told, had announced to his colleagues his intention to resign; there were to be immediate, sensational cuts in rations; sterling was to be devalued—a probably baseless report which led, nevertheless, to feverish buying of gold shares on the London Stock Exchange. In fact, though the nature of the Cabinet's discussions was naturally not made public, it was a safe presumption that the meeting was called because of the rapid deterioration in the dollar position. Nominally £212 millions of the "line of credit" still remained at our disposal; but, with the growing world scarcity of dollars, it was clear that the great bulk of this sum must be regarded as already earmarked to meet demands for dollars on the part of countries who had come into possession of convertible sterling since July 15. Thus, for the purpose of financing further purchases from the dollar area, the loan was to all intents and purposes already exhausted. This being so, the Cabinet obviously had to meet in order to make immediate decisions. It is by no means certain that the U.S. Administration, with Congress adjourned until next January, can take any immediate action to ease Britain's difficulties. Thus the decision to suspend convertibility was inevitable. Belatedly, a step which should never have been taken has been reversed—making it all the more imperative that, with or without American consent, we should free ourselves of the "non-discriminatory" obligations of Article 9 of the Loan Agreement. But a more fundamental question has to be decided. What price is Britain prepared to pay for further relief from the United States? All the indications are that America is preparing to drive a hard bargain. According to the *New York Times* Mr. Clayton has come to London to tell Sir Stafford Cripps that Congress will not be satisfied with the Geneva Trade Conference unless the British system of imperial preference is "wrecked beyond repair"; and reports from Washington even suggest that, in return for more dollars, the U.S. Treasury will insist on the installation of American supervisors in British coal mines. The Cabinet, we trust, will lose no time in making it crystal clear in Washington that the imposition by the United States of any such terms on her debtor would not merely wreck such slender chances as remain of a Marshall Plan for European reconstruction materialising, but would be rejected emphatically by the overwhelming mass of the British public. The dollar area is not the only market in the world; and, if such a desperate choice had to be made, the British people would prefer to go hungry and work out their own salvation rather than live ignominiously on American charity with such strings attached to it.

Direction of Labour

As an example of "totalitarian compulsion and regimentation of our national life," Mr. Churchill chose, on the radio, to attack with extravagant vehemence the draft version of the proposed Control of Engagements Order which Mr. Isaacs presented last week to representatives of the T.U.C. and the Employers' Confederation. Actually the control of labour which is to be imposed next October is very mild and of limited application. Employers will have to fill future vacancies for full-time wage earners through the Labour Exchanges; and wage-earners who leave their present employment and apply to the Labour Exchanges for another job may be directed into essential occupations. The Order, however, is full of loopholes. It excludes (somewhat invidiously) all persons defined as "salary-earners," all part-time workers and all ex-Service men and women on demobilisation leave. Thus, the football pools can still staff their enterprises with part-time workers, and the Order is powerless to ensure that any reduction in the Services is of immediate benefit to undermanned industries. Presumably the Order is based on the supposition that unessential trades can be "squeezed," by curtailing their quotas of fuel and raw materials; they will thus be compelled to discharge workers, who will then be directed by the Labour Exchanges—under pain of losing insurance benefits if they refuse direction. But, apart from the consideration that fuel and raw materials are not a relevant factor in many occupations which are socially uneconomic in present circumstances, this will be a slow-acting process. Its first results are likely to be the creation of under-employment rather than unemployment. The Order should prevent maldistribution of labour from getting worse, but it will do little to correct it.

The New Dominions

No Englishman abroad has ever had receptions as enthusiastic as those given to Lord Mountbatten in the capital of Pakistan on August 14th, and subsequently in India. The Indians are not a bitter, or an unforgiving, race. Quick to appreciate generosity in others, they will not allow memories of the past to vitiate the potentialities of the future. The same factors which are conditioning the approach towards Britain are now also bearing fruit in the relationship between the Congress and Muslim League high commands. It is encouraging that, immediately after the renewal of widespread violence in the Punjab following on the announcement of the findings of the Boundary Commission, the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan should have met there to concert measures to suppress the disorders. The sudden flaming passions of the rank and file, however understandable, will not now receive open sympathy from the leaders, who rightly see that there can be no prosperity or progress for their respective countries so long as communal strife continues. But it is not surprising that disturbances should be provoked by the final award made by Sir Cyril Radcliffe, chairman of the Commission. No decision on the distribution of the disputed territories could have satisfied all parties and the chief merit of the awards is that they are, in greater or less degree, unpopular with all three. The difficulty in the Punjab is to meet the legitimate claims of the hard-working, deeply

religious and powerful Sikh community who nevertheless do not have a majority in any single district of the province. To provide them with a State of their own, or even to put the entire community into one of the two Dominions, was out of the question. Their preference was to be part of India, but it was inevitable that a substantial number of Sikhs, together with some of their sacred shrines, should be left in Pakistan, to avoid the anomaly of transferring areas with large Muslim majorities to India. This has aroused Sikh anger which proceeds from an emotional and not a logical basis. As a concession to their feelings, some districts where the Muslims are in a majority, but where the Sikhs are prominent locally, have been allotted to India. This, in its turn, has inflamed the Muslims concerned. The resulting clash between the Sikhs, partially supported by the Hindus, on the one hand, and the Muslims on the other, will not easily be resolved. Only a persistent application of the wise appeals for calm, already made by Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan, backed by resolute action, can bring the conflict to the point where it will cease to cause bloodshed. It is also of importance, as Sir Cyril Radcliffe has stressed, that the findings of the Commission can eventually be modified by political agreement. This is a point which has been seized on with vigour by the Congress and Muslim League leaders in Bengal when recommending their followers to accept the findings of the Boundary Commission.

Indonesian Tangle

Since the Security Council's prompt action in calling on the Governments of the Indonesian Republic and the Netherlands to cease fire, the issue has been lost in manœuvres and legalities. French, British and Belgian delegates supported the Dutch opposition to the hearing of Dr. Sjahrir; America's vote was added to this trio of Colonial Powers when the Dutch, who are not members of the Security Council, suggested that their puppets from East Indonesia and Borneo should be allowed to state their case. It was an unreasonable proposal; these States do not officially come into existence, according to the Linggadjati Agreement, until the United States of Indonesia is formed, and meanwhile the Dutch and the Indonesians are equal partners in the Agreement. By a majority vote it was decided to allow Dr. Sjahrir to present the Indonesian case. His Government has consistently stood for an international arbitration commission to be sent to Indonesia and was willing to accept the unusual suggestion of One-Power mediation by the U.S. only if it contributed to such a commission. The U.S. offer was finally withdrawn, and the Security Council drifted into a fog of rival proposals. The Chinese delegate suggested that the consular officials in Batavia be asked to report on the execution of the "cease-fire order," and that an impartial inquiry should be made by a Three-Power commission. The American delegate supported this proposal. The Australian proposed a Five-Power commission to report on the "cease-fire" order, but conceded the methods suggested by China. Dr. Sjahrir insisted that investigation and arbitration bodies should be appointed by the Security Council.

M. Ramadier's Dilemma

The Annual Congress of the French Socialists has placed M. Ramadier in the unenviable dilemma of having to choose between fidelity to his party and the risk of destroying his Coalition. The vote of confidence which he obtained at Lyons was made conditional upon his concluding peace with Viet-Nam, enacting a statute for Algeria on the lines approved by the Socialist and Communist Members of the Examining Commission, and applying much tighter economic control over production and prices in France. The Congress further resolved that the Prime Minister and his Socialist colleagues in the Government should in future follow the advice, not of the Parliamentary Party, but of the Party's Executive Committee, on which the Left wing, led by M. Guy Mollet, now have a two-thirds majority. Yet, while thus bidden to carry out a policy which would have Communist support, M. Ramadier was explicitly enjoined by the Congress to have nothing to do with collaboration with the Communist Party. If, then, he adheres strictly to the Lyons resolutions, he is in danger of being outvoted in the Chamber by a combination of his associates in the Coalition and the extreme Right groups. Alternatively, if he declines to be bound by the instructions of his Party, he risks a split in the rank of his supporters, many of whom have become increasingly restless at signs of a drift to the Right on M. Ramadier's part—an impression strengthened by his forthright attack at Lyons on "foreign-dominated" Communism. M. Ramadier, however, is an adept at compromises, and he has already surmounted similar difficulties which seemed to threaten the continuance of the Coalition. The strongest card in his hand is the reluctance of all Parties—not excluding the Communists—to precipitate a Cabinet crisis.

The Price of Coal

It is long since we had to mourn so grievous a mining disaster as that in which 104 colliers lost their lives at Whitehaven. An inquiry into its causes is now being held. It will be some satisfaction to the public to know that the National Coal Board will not be inhibited by any considerations of private profit from enforcing the highest possible standards of mining safety. Nothing however, can be said or discovered to bring comfort to the families of the dead men. The hard, ineluctable fact is that the miner's job is not merely tough; it is always, in the best of circumstances, attended by danger. That is a side of the picture which those who talk glibly of "absenteeism" ignore. Coal we must have; and, if we had a surplus for export, Europe's dangerous dependence on dollars would be measurably lessened. But those who lightly say that the miners' claims in money and conditions are too high in relation to those of other men of comparable skill in safer occupations, should be once again reminded that the coal we get—and use so wastefully—is only too often stained with blood.

The Greengrocery Racket

The East Grinstead market gardeners who opened a stall at Croydon for the sale of their produce, at reasonable prices, direct to consumers may have done little to lower the charges made generally by shops for fruit and vegetables; but the publicity which their enterprise has attracted has focused public attention on Britain's most shocking example of outrageous costs of distribution. While growers have been ploughing in acres of "unsaleable" vegetables, and the wholesale price of fruit yields little profit to the orchard-owner, housewives have been often unable to afford shop prices. Admittedly the greengrocery trade suffers losses from waste; but there is no justification for retail margins of 200–300 per cent. common in the trade. The attitude of too many greengrocers appears to be that it is less trouble, and equally profitable, to have a small turn-over at high prices; and, added to this, there are the inflated charges of the wholesale market dealers. Mr. Strachey's proposed remedy is to encourage greater competition in the retail trade by allowing new shops to be opened without license—a policy open to the objection that it may merely swell undesirably the numbers engaged in this form of distribution. What is needed rather is the municipalisation of all wholesale fruit and vegetable markets and the establishment by local authorities of retail shops, whose prices (based on normal calculations of rent, labour and overheads) would serve as a comparison with those of private distributors.

Economy and Branded Goods

Two official announcements made this week are bound to increase public doubts whether the Government's central planning staff (in so far as it can be said to exist) has any inkling of Departmental intentions. Mr. Strachey, it is reported, has approved the early "de-concentration" of the Soft Drinks Industry. That is, the present system whereby manufacturers' products are pooled, and sold under a uniform label, is to be replaced by the old, wasteful competition involving uneconomic outlays on advertising, "travellers" and transport required for distribution by individual firms. Next Mr. Shinwell announces the dissolution of the Petroleum Board and an early reversion to "competitive" petrol. Here, too, the same waste in distribution and sales' promotion by rival undertakings is entailed. There might have been a case for introducing two grades of "pool" petrol—one standard, and one ethyl-doped; but did the Minister of Fuel really imagine that rationed motorists were clamouring for freedom to choose between Shell and Esso? In the case of both petrol and soft drinks we can discern only a surrender to vested private interests—American no less than British—whose pressure to have their "brands" competitively marketed has been insistent. Unfortunately the policy of appeasing them makes nonsense of the economy campaign.

THE COLD WAR

THE cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union dominates all discussions at Lake Success, and it will be surprising if the United Nations survives the Greek dispute. We have seen no full and fair account of this issue in the British press, presumably because the bulky report of the Security Council's Balkan Commission has only recently reached this country and has not been adequately studied.

The proposal to appoint a Commission to examine the substance of the Greek Government charges against Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania was accepted unanimously by the Security Council, and the survey of its work and of the evidence taken was (with insignificant reservations) approved by all the eleven members of the Commission. The conclusions reached by Australia, Belgium, Brazil, China, Columbia, Syria, U.K. and U.S.A. were not approved by Russia and Poland. These two countries also rejected the proposal to appoint a standing Commission to watch over the Greek frontier. The French delegate took a lonely and wise stand. He agreed to the appointment of an International Frontier Commission, but disapproved of the report of the majority on the ground that to put any nations in the dock as responsible for the situation in Greece was not justified by the evidence and that it would make acceptance of the proposed International Commission less likely. He proved right.

The conclusions reached by the majority of the Commission were cautious. They decided that Yugoslavia, and to a lesser extent Bulgaria and Albania, had given aid to Greek guerillas, and that this aid had taken the form of accepting refugees from Greece—some 20,000 are stated to have escaped over the frontier after the Varkiza Agreement—and supplying some of them with arms and giving them facilities to return to Greece. In particular, they mentioned the Greek refugee camp at Bulkes (near Hungary) where they believe military training and political "indoctrination" had been given to the refugees. They noted, as elements in the situation, the nationalist propaganda of all parties; Greek nationalists demand extensions of Greek territory at the expense of their neighbours just as the northern neighbours make claims on Greek territory. They could not avoid the conclusion that the policy of revenge carried out by the Greek

Government, as well as the violence of the Greek Communists and indeed the whole internal situation of Greece, was a factor of importance, even though the Greek Government refused to give evidence on this subject on the ground that it involved the internal affairs of Greece and was not within the Commission's competence! Carefully separating guerilla activity from frontier acts involving foreign intervention, the Commission categorically decided that

> No evidence of probative value was introduced which tended to indicate that the frontier violations not connected with guerilla activities were deliberately provoked either by the Governments of the northern neighbours or by that of Greece, or that there was any policy of systematic provocation on either side, or that the incidents themselves were evidence of the aggressive intentions of either country.

The Russians replied by throwing doubt on all the evidence submitted by the Greeks who, they declared with much corroborative detail, were all Fascists, collaborators and liars. Certainly they showed that many of the witnesses were confused and contradicted themselves, and on the precedent of former Balkan inquiries it may be assumed that most of the witnesses from all the countries were lying for nationalist or party reasons. The Russians also argued that the fighting, which is carried on all over Greece, arises from the internal situation of Greece and has nothing to do with foreign intervention.

On the Security Council the Russians vetoed the appointment of a proposed Commission for the Greek frontier, and in the course of acrimonious debates the American spokesman, Mr. Herschel Johnson, committed himself on August 12 to the surprising statement that the problem must "inevitably" be taken to the Assembly, since the U.S.S.R. was using its veto "in defence of aggressions by Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria." It must be emphatically pointed out that the U.S.A. is itself a party to the report which in set terms denies evidence of any such "aggressions."

The truth, we have no doubt, is that Greek guerillas who have taken refuge in the mountains have received aid from their comrades across the frontier. But Mr. Herschel Johnson, in his desire to sidetrack the Soviet veto, apparently has in mind an appeal to Article 51 of the Charter, which reserves the right of any member of the United Nations to resist "armed attack" until "the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security." Mr. Johnson apparently proposes, in spite of the terms of the Charter (which does not permit the Assembly to make recommendations about a question which is on the Security Council's agenda, "unless the Security Council so requests"), to raise this question of "aggressions" in the Assembly; he will presumably press for some line of action which cannot be legal under the Security Council, but which will have the "moral support" of the Assembly.

Does America propose herself to launch a full-scale war against the guerillas? So far, three Greek divisions, armed by America, have been strikingly unsuccessful in their campaigns against the guerillas, who are in fact fighting all over the country—in the Peleponese, for instance, where no foreign support can reach them. General Marshall at least should know, after his experience in China, that a social and class war is not ended by aiding a corrupt and unpopular government with troops and arms.

What action America intends is not plain. What is plain is that, on the one hand, many Americans would like an excuse for turning the United Nations into an anti-Soviet bloc and, on the other hand, that if the Russians genuinely desire to maintain the United Nations, they cannot continually use a veto, designed as a last resort to safeguard the vital interests of the Great Powers, to block every majority decision which they dislike. As usual, Soviet tactics might be designed to aid their enemies.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

GREAT BRITAIN to-day is between two worlds, not only in the sense of standing for an economic system that lies in between American Capitalism and Soviet Communism, but also more immediately in the sense of belonging in part to Western Europe and in part to a world group that is based mainly on what was once the British Empire. This second condition of "in-betweenness" is very pertinent to the discussions that are at present proceeding in Paris over the response to be made by the countries of Europe to what has come to be called—not very accurately in either case—the "Marshall plan" or the "Marshall offer." Mr. Marshall has certainly not put forward any "plan," and only in a very broad sense can he be said to have made an "offer." What he has done is to tell the European countries pretty plainly that they can hope to get the help they urgently need from the United States only if they come forward with some sort of common plan of their own—with a plan that must have for its objective the restoration of Europe's power to meet the needs of its peoples either directly out of its own production or by exchanging its surpluses for those of other regions.

This challenge at once puts British economic statesmanship in a dilemma. The prospective advantages of closer economic unity over as large as possible an area in Europe are much too great to be missed: indeed, without such unity the restoration of European productivity is bound to be seriously delayed. But, as against this, Great Britain can by no means afford to cut the close economic connections with the Dominions and Colonies which are both the most reliable markets for British exports and wholly indispensable supplies of foodstuffs and other goods for the British consumer. It ought to be perfectly possible to reconcile closer unity in European economic relations with the maintenance of close ties with the countries of the British Commonwealth; but in practice the Americans seem bent on putting as many obstacles as they possibly can in the way of such a reconciliation. They have made very plain their noted dislike of the whole system of imperial preference, which they denounce as a form of unfair "discrimination" in international trade; and now they are taking the line, in connection with the Paris discussions, that nothing short of commitment to a complete Customs Union between the European countries is admissible as consistent with the requirements of the International Trade Charter.

Now, whereas a great lowering of tariff barriers in Europe is fully consistent with the maintenance of special economic relations between the countries of the British Commonwealth, a complete Customs Union, which would automatically either sweep away all preferences or leave the countries of the Commonwealth in a worse position than the European countries in the British market, is not consistent with such maintenance. It could be made so, if the countries participating in the Customs Union were left free, by using quantitative controls over imports or selective methods of bulk purchase, to direct their demand for imports where they pleased; but the door is banged shut against this solution by the no less decisive veto imposed by the Americans on all forms of quantitative control and on "discriminatory" State trading.

Of course, the Americans are not demanding as a condition of further help that the European countries asking for it shall *immediately* constitute their combined territories a unified free trade area. Such a demand would be obviously impracticable, and would go beyond even what has been agreed upon by the Benelux group. What they do seem to be demanding, however, is that a complete Customs Union shall be accepted at once as an objective to be reached by defined stages, and that the European countries shall commit themselves in advance to the goal as well as to the initial steps towards it. This would mean that Great Britain would have to promise to abandon imperial preference, if not at once, at all events by stages.

This insistence on the part of the Americans is no doubt, in one of its aspects, simply an application of the general line of hostility to trade discrimination in any of the forms in which they do not desire to practise it themselves—that is to say, excluding tied loans, shipping preferences and other discriminatory practices which are not admitted to the American *index expurgatorius*. There is, however, another element in the American attitude which greatly complicates the position because it is undoubtedly strongly present in the minds of many Congressmen. This other element is a lively, traditional dislike of the British Empire. Many influential Americans would like to use the opportunity presented by Great Britain's present acute difficulties to enforce the break-up of the British Commonwealth. They will not be easily deterred from pursuing this objective even by the clearest demonstration that the maintenance of specially close economic relations between Great Britain and the Dominions is for the British people a matter of life and death, and for some at any rate of the Dominions hardly less essential to prosperous economic survival. What, for example, is to become of New Zealand if Danish, Dutch and other dairy products can get easier access, because of nearness, to the British market?

At any rate, one main reason why the attitude of the British delegates in the Paris discussions has so far appeared to be so negative is presumably that they are barred, by our enforced acceptance of the U.S. Trade Proposals, from any plan that would allow the countries of the British Commonwealth to maintain special mutual relations, side by side with such special relations as might be envisaged for Western Europe. Yet nothing can be more evident than that no Customs Union is practicable, with Great Britain as a member, unless the power is retained to make special mutual arrangements for the "swopping" of goods between Great Britain and the countries of the British Commonwealth. This is not meant to suggest that similar "swops" should not be made with other countries as well, including European countries. Certainly they should—in particular with the Soviet Union and with India and other countries of the East, if they are no longer members of the Commonwealth. What is meant is that "Europe," as represented in the Paris discussions, does not, and cannot, constitute a unity in which Great Britain can merge itself to the prejudice of its other traditional connections. "Europe," as defined, can neither supply us with what we need nor provide us with an adequate market for what we can offer in exchange. Great Britain's position as by far the world's largest importer of food—in normal times and not merely under the stress of special emergency—renders it absolutely necessary for intimate economic relations to be maintained with the countries which have planned their economies principally for supplying our needs.

We cannot afford to stand apart from European integration, which can manifestly be made highly advantageous to all the countries concerned. There is, however, no valid reason at all why there should be any inconsistency between European economic integration and British maintenance of special trading arrangements with the countries of the Commonwealth. What our representatives—and our Government—will have to make plain is that, on the one hand, we are enthusiastically in favour of closer European economic unity, and, on the other, if we give up imperial preference (which we should be ready to do, at any rate by stages) we must retain full freedom to use State trading, bulk purchase, and, when necessary, quantitative controls as means of ensuring that we get the supplies we need and are able to pay for them, and that we do not let down the countries which have based their development mainly on the British market.

THE POLICE AND THE FASCISTS

It was well known before the war that—altogether apart from the question whether new legislation was needed to deal with Fascism—the manner in which the Metropolitan Police, under the Home Secretary, actually applied the existing law had a great deal to do with the development of Fascist activities. The icy and synthetic "objectivity" of Sir John Simon was of great help to the Fascists in those vital years—although he must be credited with some useful provisions to be found in the Public Order Act of 1936, and although he did once thaw sufficiently to admit that his police had gone too far in forcibly removing an orderly anti-Fascist meeting in order to instal a Fascist meeting in its place; that after all departed from the ideal of perfect impartiality between right and wrong.

There have been a good many signs of late that a Simoniac policy is being pursued by the present Home Secretary, not merely in his resistance to proposals for legislation, which has contributed somewhat to the recent horrible outbursts of anti-Semitic violence, but in his administration of the existing law through the Metropolitan Police.

An illustration of this is to be found in his instructions to the Metropolitan Police in relation to Section 6 of the Public Order Act, 1936 (an Act passed largely to deal with Fascists), which introduced a new sub-section into Section 1 of the Public Meetings Act, 1908. The effect of the two Acts taken together is, shortly, to punish persons "acting in a disorderly manner at a lawful public meeting for the purpose of preventing the transaction of the business for which the meeting was called"; and to provide that, if any constable reasonably suspects any person of being guilty of such an offence, he *may*, if requested so to do by the chairman of the meeting, take the name and address of that person.

That is reasonable enough; but the way in which the police are administering it is quite astounding, and extremely helpful to the Fascists. A Fascist meeting normally excites sufficient public indignation to bring about interruptions, ranging from ordinary heckling to action which might prevent "the transaction of the business for which the meeting was called," say, the advocacy of anti-Semitism or the glorification of Hitler or Mosley. A constable might in some circumstances "reasonably suspect" that the interruptions constituted an offence, and the chairman of the meeting might demand that a name and address be taken; and the constable might take it. There seems little harm in that, if one leaves aside the question whether Fascist meetings ought to be allowed at all. If there is ground for suspecting an offence, why shouldn't a constable take the name and address of the possible offender, and report it to his superiors, who will decide whether to prosecute?

But the police do not work like that. In a typical case, brought to me by the officials of a Divisional Labour Party in London, the Fascist chairman, making express reference to the Public Order Act, 1936, Section 6, called upon the constable to take the name and address of a questioner (who had asked about the relationship between the "British Union for Freedom", represented by the chairman, and the former B.U.F.) *and to hand them to the chairman!* The constable complied.

The matter was rendered more serious by the explanation subsequently given by a Police Inspector—who was perfectly friendly and helpful—that, as the police find it difficult in practice to decide whether any particular interruption constitutes an offence or not, they have made it *a settled practice* to take the names and addresses of all persons indicated by the chairman! This abrogation of their statutory duty, among other results, deprives any questioner of the safeguard involved in the constable having to make up his mind whether he reasonably suspects that an offence has been committed; and it is thus perfectly clear that, according to the practice of the Metropolitan Police, anybody, Jew or Gentile, who wants to ask a question at a Fascist meeting is at perfect liberty so to do at the price of his name and address being put upon a black list compiled by the Fascists for their own further Olympian purposes.

There is of course no justification whatever for this procedure, and least of all for handing names and addresses to the chairmen of Fascist (or any other) meetings; and accordingly I took the matter up with the Home Secretary, at the request of the Divisional Labour Party involved, by putting a question in Parliament, running as follows:—

> To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he is aware that on 25th June at a Fascist meeting held in Hogarth Road, S.W.5 the chairman of the meeting called on a police constable to take down and hand to the said chairman the names and addresses of all hecklers and that the police constable did so, although he did not suspect any of the hecklers of any offence; and *whether he will make clear to the Metropolitan Police that under Section 6 of the Public Order Act, 1936, they do not have to take names and addresses at a chairman's request unless they suspect an offence and in any case do not have to give them to the chairman.*

The italics are my own, and are given to indicate the two points which I asked Mr. Ede to make clear to the police.

His answer was:—

> The instructions given to the Metropolitan Police on this subject, which are based upon, and fully in accordance with, the words used in the Act, provide that a name and address declared to a constable under the Act may be given to the chairman *in a case in which the police do not intend to institute proceedings*, so that those responsible for organising the meeting may prosecute if they wish to do so. At the meeting in question the chairman asked for the name and address of only one person and only that name and address were taken.

The italics are again my own; their purpose will be made known later.

It will be noticed, firstly, that Mr. Ede did not contest the fact that the constable did not suspect any offence; secondly, that he impliedly refused to make clear to the police that they are not to take names and addresses unless they suspect an offence, and expressly refused to make clear that they need not give them to the chairman; and, thirdly, that the answer is ambiguous in that it might be read as meaning that the instructions to give the names and addresses to the chairman find some justification in the Act. Whilst there is nothing express in the Act—there is plenty in political common sense and in reasonable administrative intelligence—to prohibit the communication of names and addresses to the chairman, I can only say that, if Mr. Ede meant to suggest that the Act provided that the names and addresses should be given to the chairman, no intelligent lawyer could so read the Act.

This answer in any case was—in operation—helpful to the Fascists; but it was also nonsense. For it indicated that the name and address are given to the chairman—which can only practicably be done then and there—only in cases in which the police do not intend to prosecute—an intention which cannot normally be formed for some days. I drew Mr. Ede's attention to this nonsense, and after a fortnight's thought he replied that it is not the practice for the police to institute proceedings for offences against the Act of 1908 and that

> the instructions to the police are based on the principle that normally the police will not institute proceedings for such offences and that accordingly all that a constable, who has taken the name and address of an alleged offender, has to do is to report them to the chairman or convener of the meeting for him to consider whether or not he desires to institute proceedings.

Thus does Mr. Ede make it quite clear that, whenever a Fascist chairman chooses to employ the constables of the Metropolitan Police to obtain for him the names and addresses of any persons asking questions or making statements at his meeting, he will get them; and it is no sort of reply for Mr. Ede to say that this practice is uniform for all meetings, since it is in Fascist meetings, not ordinary political meetings, that the chairman is likely to use this technique. The result of this practice is clearly to favour the Fascists in a very dangerous way. Yet Mr. Ede defends this practice. And this from the Home Secretary of a Labour Government which came into power largely because we had learnt political consciousness in a war against Fascism!

D. N. Pritt

A DAY IN THE CHERRY ORCHARD

Attleev: How close it is. I fear a storm is coming up.

Daltonvitch: Yes, little uncle, something tells me we shall run into a great storm.

Attleev: Destiny behaves terribly to me, as a storm to a little boat.

Crippski: Let us go on with the conversation we had yesterday.

Attleev: What was that about?

Crippski: Speaking precisely, we were talking of our crop of cherries. No one buys them, and if we don't take some steps by October the estate will be sold up.

Bevansk: If you'll excuse me, my dear man, you are talking rot. We must nationalise the cherry orchard.

Daltonvitch: I must go to town. I have been promised an introduction to a banker who may let me have a loan.

Crippski: You won't bring that off.

Attleev: Don't go. Perhaps we shall think of something.

Bevansk: It's still sunny, just right for building.

Attleev: It's divine here to-day.

Daltonvitch: Yes, glorious weather.

(*Two carriages are heard approaching.*)

Attleev: Every day some misfortune befalls me, but I don't complain.

Crippski: In the old days they used to dry the cherries and pickle them, and they used to send the preserved cherries away by the waggon load. That brought the money in.

(*Enter Morrisov and Bevinsk.*)

Morrisov: We missed our train, little uncle. Thank God, Parliament has risen. Why do they talk so much? Somehow when they begin talking you can never make anything of it.

Bevinsk: I am a full-blooded man. When you do nothing but theorise and drink tea, I fear I shall have a stroke. You must make up your mind once for all.

Attleev: What are we going to do?

Crippski: Perhaps we shall think of something.

Morrisov: What is there to think of?

Attleev: There's something wrong with things; but we shall pay off arrears, I'm convinced of it.

Crippski: Speaking precisely, we are suffering from galloping consumption.

Daltonvitch: I believe it will be possible to raise a loan on an I.O.U. to pay arrears on the mortgage.

Attleev: I have had a telegram from Paris.

Bevinsk: Then let us send an answer. We have been talking and talking for years; we must make haste and do something.

Crippski: Since the emancipation, there's nothing but public apathy. To speak precisely, our workers are good-natured but they don't know much about things. One tells them plainly the estate is going to be sold up and they seem not to understand.

Bevansk: What superb weather for building!

Crippski: I want to talk but have no one to talk to. Ah, life!

(*They drink tea in complete silence. A far-off noise is heard.*)

Daltonvitch: What is that?

Attleev: I don't know.

Crippski: They are chopping down the trees.

Attleev: For what?

Crippski: For fuel, little uncle.

Daltonvitch: But the orchard is no longer our own.

Morrisov: We must set to work in all directions.

Attleev: Here's a telegram from Washington. I get one every day. One to-day, one yesterday.

Bevinsk: Let us send a reply.

Attleev: What shall we say?

Bevinsk : Once a question is settled irrevocably, we all feel calm, even cheerful.

Daltonvitch : We may not have to sell the cherry orchard.

Morrisov : We have till October, and in October can still be as sunny as if it were summer.

Attleev : I never lose hope—something always turns up, if not to-day then to-morrow.

Bevansk : What superb weather for building.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

To see the Indian flag hoisted at Aldwych was a wonderful cure for cynicism. Few aspirations for the good have succeeded in our time, and we are so accustomed to worthy defeats and barren victories that a victory that fulfils a worthy aspiration deserves all the emphasis we can give it. Mr. Alexander, who spoke for Britain during the ceremony, naturally stressed the achievement of the present British Government in India and recalled that Indian freedom was a fulfilment of British promise. Surely he should also have recalled that Britain has been induced to keep that promise at least in part by the work of many devoted individuals, both in England and India. We should not forget that this is a victory for the idealists, for Gandhi and Nehru and countless others who suffered for their persistence with long periods in stifling gaols. Nor should we allow this occasion to pass without recalling the work of such men as C. F. Andrews, Edward Thompson, and Geoffrey Garratt. Among those who are still alive and working for and with India I think especially of Mr. Sorensen, often known as the Member for India, the death of whose son in a Chinese aeroplane seems unhappily to be this week confirmed. Among many others this Indian Independence Day must have brought special pleasure to Horace Alexander, Carl Heath, Agatha Harrison, Stanley Reed and H. N. Brailsford. It would be easy to add to the list of those who have given the lie to the thesis that economic interest is alone of importance in political life. It is true that an Indian settlement was more easily reached because Congress had become afraid of the Left in India, because Britain, weakened by the war, was willing, through the work of Mr. Attlee, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps and Lord Mountbatten, to concede what strength will seldom concede. But in shedding an imperialist outlook, as in other things, there is always the difference between the wise and the foolish way, and if on this occasion wisdom has won, that is due to the fact that in Great Britain and India alike there have throughout been people who were determined not to allow personal relations to grow sour or national arrangements to become merely a work of power.

* * *

Following the very dubious condemnation of Petkoff in Bulgaria, it is deeply disturbing to read that in Yugoslavia a death sentence has also been passed on Professor Furlan. After all, we knew of Furlan over here. In 1942 he resigned from his post because he sympathised with the Partisans, and he was one of the foremost supporters of Tito overseas from that time onwards. He is a professor of international law in Lublyana and very popular, I believe, among the Slovenes. He was a founder of the Yugoslav Emergency Committee which sent help to the Partisans from Britain, and Chairman of the Committee of the South Slavs in London. I recall that Professor Furlan introduced General Velebit to the press and the authorities when he made his first memorable visit to this country at a time when the British Government was still hesitating between Tito and Mihailovitch. I am told that the Yugoslav Government wanted to send him as Ambassador to Washington in 1945, but he preferred to stay with his students. According to the account given me he first got into trouble with the authorities for criticising certain Communist activities and expressing his belief in civil liberty. *The Times*, on August 13th, stated that in a trial of 23 Slovene intellectuals the Supreme Court had found Professor Furlan and two other people guilty of espionage and sentenced him to death. Yugoslavs will be doing themselves irreparable harm if they carry out such a sentence on a man with Professor Furlan's record.

* * *

No doubt the International Co-operative Alliance is not yet as formidable a body as any of the great oil combines. Nevertheless I was a little surprised to read that the British representative on the Economic and Social Council in New York had described it as "a body set up to espouse a type of enterprise which made up only a small part of British enterprise." That was all the encouragement that a Labour Government could find it in their hearts to give to an organisation valiantly, if forlornly, trying to persuade the nations of the world that oil would be better produced for the benefit of all who needed it than for the private profit of a few monopolies. The proposition was that a World Petroleum Commission should be set up under Uno to control world supplies and prices and that, for a start, the Co-operative Movement might be given a share in the development of Middle East resources. As co-operative oil wells and refineries have been operated with some success in Canada and the U.S.A., it was a very modest request that might have been expected to meet with the approval of a Labour Government. Instead the reaction was no different from any that would have come from a Tory Government working in close alliance with Sir Henry Deterding. It was left to France and Norway to take up the cause for an approach to Socialism in oil—a fight in which they were heavily defeated by the combined efforts of Britain and the U.S.A.

* * *

I have been surprised to see so little discussion here about the mystery of the Treasury and "convertibility." According to American commentators, in close touch with the State Department, Mr. Clayton, during his visit here in June, told the British Treasury that the U.S. thought our emergency sufficient to justify Britain in using the clause in the loan agreement which entitled us to postpone "convertibility" from July 15th. They say that the Treasury asserted that Britain was quite able to bear the strain and so allowed the vital date to pass. Thus one of the Keynesian "escape-holes" from the loan conditions was missed at a cost of goodness knows how many million dollars. Some explanation seems to be required.

* * *

I found it much more difficult than usual to defend the Government against the criticisms of my friend the publican. For one thing he was much more reasonable than usual; at least he had realised that the crisis was real and was prepared to put up with things being bad He wanted, above all, to be allowed enough feeding stuffs to be able to keep pigs as he did before the war. "I can provide this whole village with bacon," he said, "if I can get enough feed for my two pigs." I told him I hoped the Government agricultural policy would now make it possible for us all to keep pigs and chickens. He had been harvesting all day. But his complaint was not the usual one—insufficient meat and fat. He wanted to know why the devil the soldiers in the camp near by, hundreds of them, should be lying about in the sun as the farm-labourers could see as they worked. Why should the soldiers not work in relays on the farms which are all short of labour? Why not? and more—why should they be in the army at all? What case can be made for having, as Dalton has now revealed, nearly half a million soldiers in this country, when agriculture and industry are both crying out for labour?

* * *

I was shocked, passing through a country-lane this week-end, to see a large newly cut corn field blazing with a score of fires. I learnt that this was no accident, but a regular and growing custom. Instead of the old-fashioned reaping, followed by the careful gathering of the straw for winter feed or animal bedding, nowadays machinery does the job, and the farmer then sets fire to the straw that is left, burning it up with the weeds. I find it hard to believe that this is good economic practice.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. K. Bartor.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Hyde Borough Liberal Association Discussion Group were generally in favour of retaining Capital Punishment when this subject was discussed at their last meeting. While the prospect of imminent death would usually bring a criminal to remorse, perpetual imprisonment would only harden him. The exacting of the extreme penalty, it was maintained, was the more reformative measure. —Report in *High Peak Reporter.*

My wife, who comes from Yorkshire, has the capabilities and attractiveness attributed by readers to German women. I wonder if the relative proximity of the Yorkshire coast to Germany explains my good fortune?—Letter in *Evening Standard.*

He said that because he was striking matches to find Hazlitt's tomb, a constable told him to go away and alluded to him as a spiv.—*Evening Standard.*

John Sweatman, aged 29, was fined £10 at Eccles to-day for using abusive words likely to cause a breach of the peace by shouting anti-Jewish slogans and inciting a crowd to break shop windows. Later Sweatman said "Besides selling newspapers I do odd jobs for Jewish tradesmen, they have kindly promised to pay my fine." —*Evening News.*

"We are most grateful to Mr. ——— for his gift of the new couplers to our organ which will enable the organist to change his combinations without using his feet."—*From a parish magazine.* Quoted by *Quisla Na Tire* (journal of the Irish Transport Company.)

CRISIS BEFORE RIO

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

REPRESENTATIVES of the U.S. State Department and the Foreign Ministers of the Latin American countries have been meeting this week at Rio de Janeiro. The meeting had been postponed several times. It had been hoped to reach virtually unanimous agreement on plans to make the American continent a single "defence unit," with all the political and economic implications. But crises intervened. Now, the solution of the crises rather than strategic planning will be the first consideration. A Marshall Plan for Latin America may be needed. The United States is faced with a drop in exports to Latin America almost as serious as that in exports to Europe.

The Rio de Janeiro Conference was expected to implement the resolutions of the Chapultepec Conference held in Mexico City in March 1945. In the interval it has become clear that the two policy-making resolutions submitted there by the United States were what Latin Americans call the Clayton Plan and the Truman Plan—not to be confused with the Truman Doctrine. On the surface the Clayton Plan, which its sponsor called the Economic Charter of the Americas, was an agreement for the progressive abolition of tariff protection throughout the Americas and reversion to unfettered private enterprise. The Truman Plan, so called from a speech by President Truman in May 1946, based upon a Chapultepec resolution, was a suggestion for standardisation of armaments and military training throughout the Americas and formation of a joint general staff.

The Clayton Plan was at once assailed by

Mexican organised labour and Mexican industrialists. Abolition of tariffs and State subsidies would mean exposure of new industries created during the war to intolerable competition from U.S. manufactures as soon as post-war production was resumed. To labour, which generally takes a long-term Marxist outlook in Latin America, the crushing of native industrialisation meant abandonment of "the bourgeois democratic revolution" and the end or postponement of the abolition of feudal conditions, under which countries rich in minerals and so ripe for industrialisation were held down to impoverished agriculturalism.

Vicente Lombardo Toledano's Latin American Federation of Labour (CTAL) linked the Truman Plan with the Clayton Plan. During the war the United States had used Latin America as a vast reservoir of strategic raw materials for its war machine. The Truman Plan looked like an attempt to continue this policy. It was known that General Eisenhower, who visited Brazil and Mexico, favoured the plan, and later, that both Truman and General Marshall were urging it on the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, which had not quite seen the point. At the same time it was disclosed in Washington that General Eisenhower on his visit to Latin America had received from military attachés a report on the alleged "Red menace" in Latin America.

Latin American governments which know what is good for them rushed to curry favour with Washington. The Paraguayan dictatorship of Higinio Moriñigo defined as "Communist" and outlawed any person protesting against "Yankee imperialism." Shortly afterwards, he was faced with a long drawn-out civil war, although his decree was not the only cause. More important, the Brazilian government of the devoutly Catholic Eurico Dutra first permitted violent "anti-Communists" such as Pereira Lira, chief of the Rio de Janeiro police, to "discover" and repress alleged Red plots and the authorities at the port of Santos to shoot up dockers boycotting Spanish ship loadings; then outlawed the Brazilian Communist Party and broke up the newly formed Brazilian trade union federation which in a few months had recruited 1,000,000 members.

In the Argentine, General Juan Perón, who is as adept at blackmailing the "democracies" as is his model, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, played off the Nazis against the Allies, the British against the Americans, the Americans against the Russians, a demagogic labour front against the employers, and finally, in May 1947, made his terms with Washington. But he settled with Ambassador George Messersmith, former boss of Mexico, a "Byrnes man," not with former Ambassador Braden, who had completely misjudged "democratic" sentiment both in Latin America and in the Argentine. Perón went further while his wife toured Catholic Europe. At a private cabinet meeting, he revealed his plan to line up the "Argentine bloc" in Latin America with a Catholic Western bloc in Europe, including Spain, Portugal, Italy, Eire and France, and hand it ready-made to Washington. Meantime, he cashed in by gouging Britain on meat prices and draining off convertible sterling, in suspicious conjunction with Franco.

Mexico, the headquarters of the CTAL, might have provided a dissenting note at Rio, as its popular organisations, though not its official delegation, did at Chapultepec. Every preliminary effort to prevent this was made by Washington. President Truman visited Mexico in February. President Miguel Alemán was entertained in Washington and New York in May. Alemán wanted to borrow £95,000,000 for extremely ambitious industrialisation schemes, which would have made Mexico in 15 years the leader of Latin America. He would have taken £44,000,000 gladly. He got a nominal £25,000,000. On his return to Mexico, he received a welcome never before accorded to a President.

Six weeks after Alemán's return, the crisis struck Mexico. Factories closed. Building halted. Electric power was drastically restricted. Bankruptcies multiplied. Retail sales dried up. Unusable stocks piled up in factories. The dollar reserve fell to a perilous low, less than £50,000,000. Mexico banned the import of a long list of manufactured goods, restricted imports of many more. Initial estimates placed the bans at about 25 per cent. of all imports, 90 per cent. of which come from the U.S. U.S. exporters lost some £32,000,000 on an annual calculation.

The Mexican crash had been preceded by a similar decline in all Latin American countries. On the Pacific coast of South America, the dollar shortage was bringing real starvation. Brazil was rocked by inflation, high prices and hunger. The Argentine cut imports. The crisis threatened to become as severe as that in Europe. The Mexican crash was the most dramatic and the most politically important.

Mexico, still flushed by unhealthy wartime profiteering and inflation fever, had been attempting to buy from the U.S. at the rate of £150,000,000 annually. Cars and lorries were being purchased at twice the 1946 rate. Machinery and metals were ordered in volume to speed industrialisation. But mineral exports failed to yield the large profits expected. Cattle sales were wiped out by an outbreak of foot and mouth disease. Finished textiles could not compete abroad. Tourist receipts fell off steeply. Dollar remittances from Mexicans working in the U.S. dwindled. Severe drought lowered electric power water reserves, while the closing of factories, including 60 per cent. of the textile mills, brought the main companies to the verge of bankruptcy. Foodstuff imports increased, partly to feed the hundreds of thousands of returned emigrants, partly to build up the production capacity of the labour force preparing for industrialisation.

The import ban had an immediate effect on business as well as on the standard of living. It did not hit only Mexicans. Advertising in the American Chamber of Commerce's journal fell steeply. Meantime, the reserves situation worsened as business men, fearing social disturbances, exported large sums of capital. In July, these exports were as high as £375,000 daily. Social disturbances may well be expected. They will enormously complicate the picture at Rio, because they will come from the Right, not from a "Red menace," as Washington expects and desires. Throughout Latin America since the end of the War there has been a striking offensive of "anti-Communist" forces ranging from the old militarists and landlords, through new Christian Socialist parties and union federations, to Social-Democrats of a kind similar to the extreme Right of the British Labour Party. The American Federation of Labour has been trying to break up the CTAL, sometimes using former agents of the U.S. Office of Strategic Services. The Catholics in Mexico have worked with Chambers of Commerce, who receive propaganda from the U.S. National Association of Manufacturers. Former revolutionary organisations such as the APRA of Raul Haya de la Torre in Peru have negotiated with U.S. oil companies.

Many of these elements once played closely with the Nazis and Spanish Falange, neither of which are defunct. Some of them were "preventitively bought" by the U.S. during the War. Others, who hated Roosevelt, see their salvation in Marshall. They will never love the Yankee barbarian but they will work for the Yankee dollar.

While the economic crisis has made political confusion and unrest virtually certain, it is not equally certain that even a successful drive from the Right would go along fully with the Truman and Clayton Plans. Mexico, Brazil and Argentina must export. Saving dollars can no longer save them. But to export raw materials alone will put them back to the position from which they have just begun to move after 400 years. It will be interesting to see how Washington can make this palatable. It will also be interesting to see how Latin-American labour can accept the situation without abandoning the very real conquests it has won in the past decade.

TRAVELOGUE

WHAT a contrast there is between Prague and Warsaw. The Czechs always seem to me very like the British. They are highly nationalistic, but they are solid, almost stolid, full of common sense, believers in comfort and bourgeois democracy. I spent a day in the country as the guest of Mr. Fierlinger, the Socialist Vice-Premier. It was Sunday; we visited a fine workers' housing estate, and the men we talked to were just off to a trade union meeting, reminding me at every point, in their dress, outlook and conversation, of a similar group of workers in an English industrial town. We visited a charming little country town, nominally Catholic, with a priest to show us round the church, but a Hussite statue in the square. Bohemia was reconquered, formally, for Catholicism in the seventeenth century, but it remains essentially Protestant. Czech culture is more than half Western, though Russian literature has had a pervading influence. Czechs are traditionally friendly to the Russians, but some are now afraid of finding their high standard of living drastically reduced if they become too much absorbed in the Eastern Slav Bloc. In Poland the atmosphere is quite different. Everywhere the Church, the priest and the reverent multitudes. The traditional fear of Russia is part religious and part the result of Russian partitions and annexations. Poles are persistently romantic, but some of their romanticism has been brutally knocked out of them by recent tragedies. In Warsaw they will take you to the remains of the old city and tell you, if you have ears to listen, an only too credible story of futile gallantry, tortures, murder and destruction. They have no good words to say now for the leaders who preferred fighting alone to accepting Russian aid in 1939, and few even for those who led the rising that ended in the devastation of their capital. Of all the cities of Poland ancient Cracow alone is undestroyed. This generation has had its bellyful of romanticism. Yet even now Poles do not specialise, like Czechs, in common sense. Unlike the Czechs, they are always conscious of their *panache*. When a Pole is talking, I always find myself looking for the plume in his hat. But in 1947 they do not wear hats.

* * * *

The other half of Europe seems youthful in comparison with our half. Prague, most lovely of Baroque cities, was especially full of young people. Always strategically and geographically the centre of Europe, it is to-day also a great cultural meeting ground. I travelled in a train from the Polish frontier to Prague with happy young people who composed a Polish Socialist sports team. One formidable young woman was, I was told, a champion weight putter. Others specialised in the long and high jump, sprinted or belonged to the basket ball team. They sang Polish songs, and I played a couple of games of chess in a hubbub of scrappy conversation, carried out in fragments of several different languages. They were on their way to the vast sports gathering in Prague which followed the Youth Festival to which almost all European nations had sent representatives. There were groups from Italy, Norway, France, Britain and other Western countries. People who heard their singing told me that there was a superbly trained Polish choir, two fine choirs from Palestine and an absolutely staggering performance by the Yugoslavs. Britain was represented by Allen Bush and his choir, helped out by a few excellent singers from Tippett's Morley College choir. The British was a small contingent because, scenting Communist inspiration and control, the British Labour Party had frowned on the Festival. In contrast to this, the Russians had taken the affair very seriously. A British musician who listened told me that the Soviet pianist they sent was one of the world's best, and among many other first-rate Russian artistes present there were two of the most famous Moscow ballerinas.

Lamsdorf—the German name for a vast prisoner-of-war camp some 100 kilometres from Wroclaw (Breslau)—is in a remote spot, deep in forest country. Primarily a transit camp, it was said to be large enough to hold 100,000 prisoners at a time. I heard it estimated that 5 million unhappy people passed through it during the war. Few people ever visit it now. Little is left of the barracks of the German guard and only a few of the roofless huts where prisoners lived. In one, an elaborate coloured composition, painted, I should guess, by a Pole, still defies the sun and rain. Another hut was obviously used by the British. Pin-up girls were sketched with charcoal on the walls and, kicking amongst the rubbish on the floor, I found a hole which was clearly constructed for escape. One could see the tunnel going along towards the woods. How far it went and whether anyone got away by that route, I could not guess. A few hundred yards away there was a German cemetery and next to that a small British graveyard. The weeds are growing high, but the graves remain, each with a neat tombstone—name, age and nationality of the dead man. There were some Jewish graves with Hebrew lettering, some Indian, a New Zealander with a Maori name, and several "civilian internees." I noticed the grave of an elderly man, "born in 1868, died in 1943." Most of the graves bore earlier dates. I take it that the majority were soldiers, captured before Dunkirk, who died between 1940 and 1942. Each of them, a Pole who had himself been a prisoner there told us, had received a proper burial, with the appropriate service. A few hundred yards away a skeleton had been discovered, and in the belief that there might be others, digging was begun. Very soon vast mass graves were opened. I saw photographs. Many seemed to have died of starvation and, as usual, the Russians were the worst treated. Some of them were tied together in bundles of six, apparently thrown in before they were dead. Nothing could have illustrated quite as vividly the difference between the two wars fought by the Germans. No doubt the British signature of the Hague Convention made a difference. A neutral Power had the right to see that the British prisoners were decently treated. The Eastern peoples were not signatories of the Convention, and no protecting Power had a right to speak on their behalf. How much difference that made is anyone's guess! The stark fact, so clear to everyone on the other side of Europe and so easily forgotten here, is that the Germans always meant to make peace with us sooner or later, and, by and large, obeyed international law in dealing with us. Russians and Poles they treated as sub-human.

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Anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe breaks out sporadically. One cannot guarantee that there will be no more pogroms in Poland. Everything, however, is being done to discourage them, and much has now been done to make it possible for Jews to be good Polish citizens and live there in security. In the mining town of Walbriczt I saw Jewish colliers, the first I think ever known in Eastern Europe. I heard of one Jew who could have had a clerical job in Warsaw, but who preferred to work in the mines because, he insisted, it was the duty of the few remaining Jews to show Poland that a Polish Jew is as capable of doing ordinary manual labour as anyone else.

* * *

In the old German city of Breslau the superb fourteenth-century town hall, with the roof of green, red and gold, still stands miraculously intact. Only one of the famous carved figures on the façade seems to have been smashed by a stray shell. The city as a whole is only less damaged than Warsaw; I should say it was about as badly destroyed as Berlin. The Poles intend it to be a great new cultural centre, and I was lucky enough to see in progress the reconstruction of the University and, even more interesting, the building which is to take the place of the famous cultural museum which in Lvov housed tens of thousands of precious Polish manuscripts and books. Propagandists asserted, when the Russians insisted on taking Lvov, to the dismay of the Poles, that the U.S.S.R. would hold on to this Polish cultural inheritance. They were wrong. The professors came from Lvov to Wroclaw and so did the manuscripts and books. I saw scores of crates, carefully packed, waiting to be opened and sorted out, and I also saw with what loving care Polish women students are repairing, mounting, and storing manuscripts that to the Poles are as precious as first folios of Shakespeare are to us.

* * *

I motored some hundreds of miles through the Western territories. We went on many by-roads and I was able to talk to a few peasants, but my conclusions about the sort of job that the Poles had made of settling these areas that once were German must be based mainly on talks with foreign correspondents, whom I met there and who could compare conditions with those of last year. Most of the villages through which we passed had been destroyed; the German population had in many cases fled with the retreating German armies, leaving only ruins behind them. Polish resettlement has been more successful than one expected. I saw areas which seemed under-populated and under-cultivated, but for the most part I was surprised, looking over many miles of the Silesian plain, to see apparently well-tilled fields. Farmers I asked said that the season had not been good and the harvest was "rather below the average." Those in a position to draw a comparison told me that there is still some, but very much less, uncertainty among the new settlers from Eastern Poland. They used to fear that the Communists would collectivise their holdings. Now they are being given individual titles to their land. They are also losing their fear of a new war between the West and Russia. They are, however, still bothered by the attitude of the Western Allies; and as long as America refuses to recognise the new frontiers, it is hard to kill the meaningless rumour that these areas may be given back to Germany.

* * *

The British officer who stood outside my half-reconstructed hotel in the early morning looked almost unbelievably British among the limitless ruins of Warsaw.

"Good morning," I said, "I did not expect to see that uniform here."

"Do you mean the West Loanshires?" he asked. "No," I explained, "I had just meant the British." I remarked that the Poles seem to be getting along very fast with the job of rebuilding. "Yes," he said, "they are rebuilding a great many houses. How many of them will stand up I don't know. They use the old bricks." And he described a sight that I, too, had seen. The Warsaw ghetto which once held 250,000 people is now a vast plain of brick and rubble. Any day you can see volunteer bands of women or Boy Scouts (I saw them wherever I went in Poland) or groups of youths perhaps from neighbouring countries (Yugoslavs the day I was there), picking out the better bricks, knocking them into shape and stacking them in piles from which they are taken in little Eastern horse carts to some house that is being rebuilt. "What do you think of that?" said the officer. "Using old bricks? I have a brother in the building trade in Britain. I am sure he would never use secondhand bricks." His other complaint about Warsaw was even more characteristic. "They overwork their horses," he said, "but not so badly, I am told, as they do in Italy." I agreed, though I had been impressed by the fact that Polish horses were not, generally speaking, badly treated or in bad condition. It was a wonderfully characteristic British comment. The officer did not remark on the fact that the men and women in Poland are also somewhat overworked.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEWSVENDORS

It is only seven years since the printing of newspaper contents bills was banned by the Control of Paper Order, but they seem as remote as hansom cabs. Do you remember them—Brown in the Box, Jones Found, Smith: Summing-up, Hitler Speaks, Duce Angry, and so on? The poor man's newspaper, some called them.

But those who relied on them for their news were poor indeed. On the credit side, what they got (if they saved their pennies) was a rather less adequate picture of events than if they had bought and read the papers; and on the debit side, a state of unalleviated astonishment as they passed from one placard to another, with no time to lower their eyebrows and no means of knowing that (as a rule) they need never have been raised. Even in London the most they could do, the knowing ones, was to compare the placards of, say, the three evening papers and draw practised conclusions from their differences or their unanimity. If they all said "Stalin Ill," it meant that the Russian colossus was dying. If one said "Stalin Ill," another "90 Degrees—Official," and the third "Yorks' Giant Score," you could walk by with your hands in your pockets, whistling.

Then came the war, and the ban. For a time the newsvendors, who had always held that the most sensational news-bill was inadequate by itself and must be supported by occasional shouting, had to fall back on shouting alone. They bellowed and howled in a pop-eyed *crescendo* of hoarsening competition. In most urban districts it is a punishable offence to do this; and in the early months of 1940, when the uproar broke out, the police were instructed that the frightening course of the war and the state of people's nerves made it especially undesirable. A police curfew softened the din. Then began the era of individual news-bills, designed and executed by the newsvendors themselves. There was still an available residue of old placards which, turned back to front, could be scrawled upon with charcoal. Wild legends began to appear in black and off-white. One of these, by the way, said "152 Jerries Shot Down," but in those breathless days the figure was too modest and, by accident or design, the author turned the printed side to the public, saying "Renaud's Grave Speech." The placard was a fortnight old, but France was still fighting and no anxious passer-by could know that the speech was one delivered when Arras and Amiens fell into German hands two weeks before. The man was arrested, but released with a caution. Long-term placards were then issued by the newspaper companies, saying merely "On Sale Here, Evening News," or "Read the Star Man's Diary," or "Latest War News." The backs of these, too, were plain, so the amateur slogans continued—sometimes a salesworthy headline adopted from the paper itself, sometimes a street-corner paraphrase conceived and carried out at great speed, sometimes even a few lines of patriotic doggerel unrelated to any particular event of the day.

The Newspaper Proprietors' Association were disturbed about this. The Defence Regulation about "spreading alarm and despondency" had made no impression on the newsvendors, since both these emotions made for quick sales; and they were evolving some hair-raising placards that purported, at least, to be contents bills. Word was conveyed to them that, if they made up their own placards, they must adhere strictly to headlines from the paper itself; otherwise, their supply of papers would be discontinued. Many of them were told by the police, moreover, that if they sold papers on the strength of misleading placards they would be prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences.

This had a marked effect. However, the supply of long-term news-bills grew less and less frequent; and the shouting was tending to increase again when newsprint supplies were so drastically reduced that the wheel, at last, turned full circle: the newsvendor became the quarry, his customers began to do the importuning and

the shouting. Unless he was a personal friend, you would not know that the alert-looking man outside the Tube station was selling papers. If he had sold you one daily for a minimum of thirty years, he would see you coming and walk casually towards a heap of sacking, a soap-box, or a cache inside the doorway of some sacred building, return with an evening paper folded under his arm, flick it to you as you passed and accept your penny with averted eyes as if it were a packet of cocaine. But he would not utter a sound.

There may be other changes ahead, but the situation at the moment is roughly what it was in 1940. Though the papers are smaller, there are for the time being more papers than regular clients, and the newsvendors are again the hunters, wooing, scaring, cajoling, or shaming the rush-hour public into disgorging its pennies. Some of them hold out, in lieu of the placard which once concealed their legs, a copy of the newspaper itself, folded so as to display the front page headline. But few people stop to read these; if they are close enough to do so it is, as a rule, because they intend in any case to buy a paper; and if they are not regular addicts they can more easily preserve a furtive dignity by overlooking their neighbours' headlines in the bus. To stand and read those of the newsvendor is too much like peeping through the fence at a cup-final. So most of the newsvendors shout.

At some Tube station entrances the uproar lasts from half-past-three until ten o'clock at night. As you approach the din, the sickness of anxiety assails you; and you are uplifted when your throbbing eardrums record, after all, nothing more terrifying than "Bruce Woodcock Sensation"—an actual example, by the way, of what happens when you have bought your paper: the Sensation about Mr. Woodcock, whose jaw has been broken by Mr. Baksi, is that his condition is unchanged. Thousands of readers rejoice as they learn, from five lines of newsprint inside the paper, that Mr. Woodcock's jaw is at least no worse; but they do not accept this as a Sensation, and many of them resolve for the thousandth time that they will buy no more evening papers—an innocent self-deception.

Two nights before Mr. Attlee opened the "crisis" debate in the Commons with his speech about the girding of our loins for economic recovery, one bull-voiced paper-man was selling at top speed on the strength of the clairvoyant bellow: "All about the Cuts—read all about them—all about the Cuts." There was no news about the Cuts. The papers contained a few intelligent prophesies like those Mr. Dalton recognised (and condoned) among Stock Exchange gamblers on pre-Budget day. People who, earlier in the evening, had bought papers to acquire the erroneous information that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin were flying to the United States to see Mr. Marshall, now bought more because they thought, equally wrongly, that some advance pronouncement must have been issued about the Cuts.

The amateur news-bill is about again, too—this time, it seems, enjoying a free hand. No objection can be taken, perhaps, to "Churchill Flays the Reds," or "Who Put Them In?" or "Hollywood Tripe Ban"; but something might be done about the man who, in order to sell a Conservative weekly paper, decks out his own news-bills with slogans like "The Coming War With Russia." Newsvendors have sometimes been prosecuted for "obtaining one penny by false pretences with intent to defraud," their offence being known colloquially as "crying false news"; but the Magistrates have usually dismissed such cases under the Probation of Offenders Act on the ground that the men were merely doing what some of the papers did and were easier game for the police. Much more frequently, they have been prosecuted under by-laws or local Acts for "shouting for the purpose of selling newspapers, to the annoyance of inhabitants or passengers"; and they accept this as one of the risks of the trade, known esoterically as "pinched for 'ollerin."

Most people dislike the shouting, and many complain bitterly to the police that something should be done to stop it. It is nearly fifty years since the L.C.C. passed a by-law to deal specifically with shouting newsvendors, but it lies almost forgotten among a vast quantity of wishful legislation intended, but never destined, to put an end to nuisances. It is simple enough to enforce (rather simpler, for example, than Buckinghamshire's recent by-law prohibiting the barking of dogs at night). At the moment it should, perhaps, be considered in relation to the fact that the ban on news-bills has deprived the paper-man of his shop-window. The stationary newsvendor at a recognised place has become a necessary cog in the machinery of distribution, trained to perfection in the art of catching a quire of papers flung from a news-van racing round the pitches; the running news-boy, to whom shouting was perhaps indispensable and in whom it was always a feat of endurance, is practically a figure of the past. So the printed contents-bill should not be allowed to die forgotten. It was better than the things that have taken its place; and when (as it surely must) it reappears, it will deprive them of the excuses by which they might at the moment seek justification.

If the contents-bill was disturbing, it could hardly be more disturbing, nowadays, than the news itself. And if it sent your eyebrows up and syncopated your pulse, at least it left your ears alone and it was not, as a rule, embarrassing.

C. H. ROLPH

BOTTLED GLASS

THE Americans are not very popular just now in Bordeaux, or Beaune or Cognac. For they have disappointed the expectations and deeply insulted the pride of these capital cities of the wine world.

If the American occupation of France from D-day onwards was not entirely popular in the country, it was nevertheless expected to have certain compensations. Before the war the Americans drank little French wine apart from champagne, but as the British soldiers in Italy took to Opera, so did the G.Is. to wine and brandy drinking. And this was not surprising, since many of their families came from wine-drinking countries, while some had assisted in making a little illicit back-room wine in the America of Prohibition times.

Once in France, the troops consumed large quantities of Cognac and Armagnac, of red and white wines both sparkling and still, to say nothing of anonymous liquors of more doubtful origin. Frenchmen of an argumentative turn of mind still debate, as they lean against the comptoir, whether or not the Americans in rather less than two years drank more of the alcoholic products of their country than the Germans in rather more than four. As one patron, anxious for conciliation between debating customers, summed it up, "considering that the Americans had to overcome the initial handicap of being allies they did not do too badly in the matter." The fact is that while the Germans thought they need be in no hurry, as they would be in France for a lifetime, the enlisted men knew their stay to be strictly limited. And so they drank up.

Resulting optimism led the French to expect large dollar earnings from greatly increased wine and spirit exports. These would more than compensate for the lost German market for large quantities of the *crûs bourgeois*. And so it seemed at first. Great quantities of brandy were shipped and this, it is alleged, is one reason why brandy is so expensive in France to-day. It was hoped that Cognac would become a formidable rival to Scotch whisky as well as to native spirits. But this year the tide has turned. French brandy is now actually being sent back across the Atlantic. Bourbon and Rye have regained the affection of the ex-G.I., and there may soon be a brandy surplus in the Charente.

That is the disappointment: the insult is much worse.

The American authorities have declared that they have found pieces of broken glass in French wine bottles. Even the aristocratic château-bottled clarets from the Médoc's *crûs classés* and the finest *clos* of the Côte d'Or are included in the charge. As a result, U.S. Government officials are opening sample bottles, and examining choice vintages of Ch. Lafitte and Clos Vougeot against strong lights. The impression has been widely created that the wines of France are not prepared under those strictly hygienic and safe conditions that obtain in, for example, the production of American canned beer.

The French are furious. In Bordeaux it is being suggested that the whole matter, which has received no small amount of attention in the American press, is a smear story put abroad by the American liquor kings. "When," asked one scandalised Bordelais merchant of world renown, "when in 700 years has one heard of a complaint from Britain, from Sweden or Belgium or Germany—let alone inside France—of our bottles containing glass splinters?"

However, in some quarters the charge is being taken seriously. At Château Mouton-Rothschild in Pauillac, where they are always trying out new ideas (one was an untraditional label by Raoul Dufy that disturbed conservatively-minded wine drinkers in the inter-war years), they have installed a special machine. In front of a lamp, of sufficient power to win the approval of even an American public health official, bottles can be placed and examined for the alleged glass.

Mouton's *maître de chai* looks at it with a resigned if somewhat jaundiced air. He knows that no glass will be found in his bottles. Still, there are often American visitors to Mouton-Rothschild—drawn, it is suggested by some other proprietors, more by the second half of the name than the just fame of the wine—and if it amuses and reassures them, well it is all the same to him and it doesn't affect the wine. And when the family of the proprietors visit the adjoining private cellar and take out bottles, or magnums or even *Impériales* of choice clarets extending back through the last hundred years, it does not occur to them to "test for glass."

Apart from these problems, the French wine trade is in rather an uncertain state of mind. The growers, mostly small peasant proprietors, are not anxious to sell their produce. They prefer wine in their cellars to banknotes in their stockings. And as they are seldom rich enough to buy the expensive bottles and corks, they are keeping wines in cask that in many cases should have been bottled three or four years ago. Perhaps, they think, the Americans, who don't know the difference, will buy it.

Then rising material costs have forced wine prices above levels that most of the rest of the world can pay. A new oak *barrique*—and it should be a new one for the new wine each year—to-day costs about as much as the full contents in 1939. Wartime wine famine is leading to fine wines being drunk as soon as bottled, "on draught" as one chateau owner regretfully put it. Wages are alleged to be high, but they do not seem so by our standards. On a leading Bordeaux estate the *maître de chai* only receives a monthly salary of about 10,000 francs (just over £20).

Meanwhile the ordinary Frenchman is being forced by high prices to drink less wine than he has for centuries. Will the prices come down? Opinions are divided. A prerequisite is a series of plentiful vintages. Fine years in Burgundy and Bordeaux have been common recently, but the *récolte* has been consistently small. During the war only ingenious smuggling, under the noses of the Germans, of fertilisers and copper sulphate from Belgium kept the vineyards in production at all. It is agreed that it will be years before there are fine mature wines in quantity. The question is whether the world will be able to afford to drink them when they are available.

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

At the Duchess Theatre Mr. Priestley stages an English middle-class family, father, wife, son, three daughters, painting with an artful mottling of humour and pathos their characters, their affection and their divergences. There is even a comic servant with a woodbine drooping from her lips. But do not suppose that this is one of those depressingly successful plays that hold a flattering mirror up to the suburbs and send the audience home glowing with a reinforced self-satisfaction: "We may not be clever, we may not be smart, but really we are *wonderful*!" *The Linden Tree* is of an altogether more interesting order. Robert Linden (the title of the play is a pun) holds the chair of History in the university of a midland industrial city. It is his sixty-fifth birthday, and his wife has collected the three grown-up children to support her in persuading their father to retire. She has borne the glumness of provincial life for thirty-three years, and now that this is aggravated by queueing and all that, she can bear it no longer. The University, in any case, want to superannuate the Professor, he is so little of a yes-man. His only argument for remaining is his own conviction of his usefulness, his hatred of becoming a parasite while he still has the capacity for work. Mr. Priestley is careful to weight the case against his hero to the utmost: even the students whom Linden tutors reveal that they don't care if he leaves, and they are pathetically wretched creatures, unrewarding material on which he is wasting himself. Nevertheless the Professor stands firm, even when his wife goes away, promising (unconvincingly) never to return, in a supreme effort to break his will. There remains only the youngest daughter, a 'cellist in embryo, who like her father says "Yes" to life and its demands.

The play is nothing if not topical—a call to everyone to work harder, to make a reformed England an example to the world. "We are doing a wonderful thing, but we are not doing it in a wonderful way." Our governors do not even attempt to give zest to our struggle. (Mr. Priestley is just as caustic about Trade Union leaders and bureaucrats as about employers and spivs.) Three of the characters represent nicely differentiated forms of refusal to join in the battle that we now are fighting. Mrs. Linden is emotionally anchored to the old ways of life that were—for the privileged—so easy and gracious, to a world in which the full wickedness of man was still unknown. Her daughter Marion, who has married a French country aristocrat and become a Catholic, believes in the dignity of the pre-industrial tradition; the son, an amiable cynic who has made a fortune gambling on the Stock Exchange, believes in enjoying things while they last—and knows that they won't last long. Against all of these the Professor has to defend his faith in humanity and the future.

This is the sort of play that best suits English actors; the producer, Mr. Michael Macowan and the cast seize avidly on the rich material provided by Mr. Priestley's acute theatrical sense. Mr. Casson suggests admirably the controlled passion and unostentatious idealism of the Professor, but he makes him, I think, rather too old and tired-seeming: while this adds to the pathos, it makes us feel that he can no longer be much use as a teacher. (Incidentally Mr. Priestley lends the Professor his own talent for writing effective prose: while this provides a good final curtain, it makes nonsense of the argument that if he leaves his job he will be useless, not to say dead.)

Dame Sybil Thorndike, as the wife, identified herself so subtly with her part that she enlisted more of my sympathy than perhaps she was intended to. Miss Everley Gregg played a Cockney character-part to perfection. Mesdames Carmel McSharry, Sonia Williams and Freda Gaye, Messrs. John Dodsworth and Terence Soall, all contributed brilliantly to one of the best performances one could find anywhere. The only unconvincing character is the youngest daughter, and I suspect this is less the fault of the actress than of Mr. Priestley who gives her some terribly "literary" lines. Supposed to represent the hopeful courage of youth, the girl veers between jauntiness and sentimentality. She would be wise to sell her 'cello and start training as a riding mistress.

In none of his plays has Mr. Priestley so well expressed his particular feeling for humanity. Whereas reformers incline to love not men but Man as they would have him be, Mr. Priestley warms even to our faults, so long as these are neither cruel nor mean. He is fair to all the characters in this play, showing them to us as they seem to themselves. (Indeed I left the theatre not at all sure that Mrs. Linden was not in the right, and that her husband after thirty-three years of her self-sacrifice ought not to allow her a little respite.) *The Linden Tree* seems sure to enjoy the success it deserves. It is no less enjoyable as a play than urgent as a message.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RADIO NOTES

Saki. Interviewing the relations of the famous dead is indeed a tricky business, for which all concerned should have our sympathy. However great the goodwill on both sides, such conversations do not—cannot—sound in the least natural. The interviewer appears now like a knighted specialist trying to reassure a patient he knows to be mortally ill, now like a Gestapo man armed with pincers. The interviewee resists, then answers as if trying to read something in diamond print. Inevitably the result is painful rather than entertaining. We may believe what is squeezed through to us in this manner, but are bound also to feel that something essential is being lost in the process; that what we *are* told, however interesting, is somehow beside the point. No kind of blame, therefore, attaches to Mr. Gerald Bullett, and still less to his patient, Miss E. M. Munro, for the unsatisfactory nature of their broadcast about Miss Munro's brother, the writer "Saki." Perhaps a straight reminiscence would have conveyed a more plausible impression; as it was, the leading questions, the rehearsed answers, the clockwork frame-up, served only to construct the portrait of a "many-sided man," capricious yet serious, humorous yet not frivolous, brave, enigmatic yet lovable—in fact, the kind of synthetic character with which artists are often credited in fiction—but which so few of them really do have. I am not suggesting that the real H. H. Munro cannot have corresponded to the impression produced by the broadcast—still less that his sister was intentionally misleading us—but merely that the method employed excludes the air of truth and blunts the vividness of communication.

Do Not Disturb. If, when asked to write a play for the Third Programme, you produce a domestic skit on the difficulty (impossibility, absurdity, undesirability) of writing a play for the Third Programme, and pep up your chit-chat with galumphing satire, then—I contend—you prove yourself an unsuitable candidate for the job. As a light-hearted squib Mr. Gordon Glover's feature missed its mark, because his satire bore on outmoded kinds of radio which do occasionally find their way into all three services, but which nobody any longer seriously defends. As a contribution to the Third Programme, then, *Do Not Disturb* was remarkably unstimulating. Variety does this kind of thing far better. The ideal Third Programme play still remains to be written: such a play would, I disengage, combine the style of a Granville Barker with the poetic imagination of a Yeats or a Claudel.

Music. No doubt there are few broadcasts we should wish longer than they are, but one of them is surely *Music in Miniature*. The obvious success of this feature is tribute enough to the taste and ingenuity with which they are invariably compiled. I still think—as I said when the series started—that the amenity of the programme would be greatly improved if at least five seconds pause were allowed between each item.

Now that concert "pitch" has been standardised, it would be interesting to hear a piece of eighteenth-century music (say the first movement of Mozart's G minor String Quintet) played first at the contemporary, then at the present-day, pitch. A difference which must have made the Queen of Night's arias easier to sing, and those of Sarastro harder, might help to elucidate the mysterious problem of key-colour.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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THE MOVIES

"Copacabana," at the London Pavilion
"The Two Mrs. Carrolls," at Warner's
"Douce," at the Curzon

With the American talkie came stridency of a new kind to the world. Ah, what jangling, what a roar, what nose duets, what electric whispers! What wailing bullets and skidding cars! What music by Hogbach! Even after six or seven years of film reviewing, I still experience a horrified thrill at the cacophony let loose the moment lights go down and curtains part. Mr. Walt Disney's *Saludos Amigos* I remember as one of the most ear-and-eye-splitting tortures I have encountered in the name of fun.

Miss Carmen Miranda is no nightingale; the charm of nutcrackers and hacksaws informs her artistry. Has she softened with the years? It seemed to me, not having seen her for a very long while, that there was something less of the horrific in those lunging close-ups than there used to be; but perhaps I am getting hardened. My reason for visiting *Copacabana* was that it contains a lone Marx Brother: Groucho, now (I regret to say) wearing something like a cavalry moustache, and giving only a shadow of his old performances. He is swamped by the larynx and leg show. As such confections go, *Copacabana* isn't so bad; Groucho grouches, Miss Miranda yoohoos and aie-aies, there's a wonderful bevy, in all shades, of Gorgeous Copa Girls. The particular terror of this piece is one Andy Russell, who chants with all the *élan* of a mesmerised sheep. *Copacabana* is not—concession to the sensitive—in colour.

Then, there's Mr. Bogart. I prefer him, myself, in shirtsleeves, snarling; at Warner's he merely grates, distressed (as who would not be?) to find himself a murderous painter in Sussex The Anglo-American society of that county see that he keeps his coat on; in any case, it always rains and blows a hurricane, and the cathedral bells never stop ringing. "He loves by night," says the advertisement, "and kills by day." That is hardly true. He marries women and paints them and then for weeks on end poisons them, with a special glass of milk administered last thing at night. The paintings, frankly, aren't worth it. Miss Barbara Stanwyck, as wife number two, has been duly painted, and number three is waiting, when she begins to suspect what we must have known all along. There is a terrific climax, with a locked room, cut telephone wires, a handy curtain rope (no time, now, for refinements), and the local police licking along through the storm. Mr. Bogart is taken off, pressing his forehead, a much misunderstood and miscast man. It has been all rather slow but not uneventful. The second feature of Warner's programme, *Journey into Adventure*, is a well-pieced together film of Cherry Kearton's expeditions. He was not only a pioneer of animal photography but constructed, it seems, the first newsreel camera.

Douce restores, or partly restores, our shattered calm. Not that it's a very outstanding piece, but the novelettish tale of a spirited young lady in the eighties, who runs off with her father's bailiff, is beautifully acted and elegantly composed. Director, Autant-Lara. Mlle Odette Joyeux gives a performance of remarkable charm as the girl (who dies, too romantically, in a theatre fire), and Mlle Marguérite Moreno's old dowager is a creation in the grand manner. One looks forward to seeing other films by the same director: *Le Mariage de Chiffon, Sylvie et le Fantôme*, or *Lettres d'Amour*

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

PALESTINE

SIR,—Mr. Koestler's article has made more than one British citizen less rather than more tolerant of the terrorists and the Zionist case generally. Is it that he set himself an impossible task? No one can forget what has happened to the Jews of Europe nor fail to seek a solution of their tragedy, just as no one, who has not suffered as they, can truly understand their feelings. Nevertheless, to attempt to suggest that the Jews anywhere have grievances against the British that justify the Jewish terrorists in their present activities has led even Koestler into woolly-headed irrelevancies.

Britain may well be blamed for attempting to implement a carelessly given promise and, when the difficulties inevitably increased, for vacillating and procrastinating. To bracket together German sadism with the White Paper is a falsification of fact.

Mr. Koestler astutely mixes the old political Zionist arguments with sentiment and emotion. Palestine, he says, was a malarial swamp and a desert. It is now, thanks to the Jews, the most fertile country in the Middle East. Thus argued Mussolini as he lusted after Ethiopia.

Mr. Koestler quotes the argument that it was wrong to promise a predominantly Arab country to the Jews in 1917, "but this argument leads nowhere." On the contrary, I suggest that this argument leads us to the crux of the problem. Presumably the Balfour declaration was made when the strength of Arab Nationalism, only just emerging from Turkish domination, was easily under-estimated. This suggests that, had we pushed on with a Jewish State immediately after the 1914–1918 war, we might have had a success impossible to-day. In other words, we might have caught the Arabs napping; the justification of such a policy is at least debatable.

How unreal is Mr. Koestler's analogy about Moslem and Hindu in India! What would be the position in India to-day if the British had undertaken to import by force into India a sufficient number of Moslems to place the Hindus in a minority?

"Let my People go," quotes Mr. Koestler. Is the invocation of ancient mythology a mandate for the domination of the Arab people who have been in Palestine for many centuries?

To increase the immigration quota would, asserts Mr Koestler, solve Palestine's problem. "It is as simple as that." One cannot escape the feeling that the terrorists are finding the murder of individual British soldiers a rather simpler proposition than the murder of their German torturers. What, after all, have the British done but hesitate to give away what was never theirs to give?

Mr. Koestler's veiled threat at the end of his article, that we are no longer a great or wealthy Power and had better consider the criticisms of U.S.A. and France, was a crude psychological blunder I am surprised at his making. The ill-informed and deliberately inaccurate criticisms recently made against us in foreign countries is most unlikely to influence any British political party or individual.

One can perhaps understand young Jewish patriots feeling that the conquest of Palestine is for their people a matter of life and death, and thus transcends humanitarian or any other considerations. But that does not imply, as Mr. Koestler does in his article, that the blame for terrorist activities lies largely on British shoulders.

PHILIP MUMFORD

Sir,—"Is it as simple as that? It is as simple as that." It is astonishing, and also deeply shocking, that a man of Koestler's intelligence can believe that any solution to the Palestine tragedy, long-term or short, is simple. In "Thieves in the Night," however one-sided the book, he at least showed some appreciation of Arab feelings; but here the only crust he throws to the Arabs, if they will accept partition, is that they have "thrived on hard luck." Yet after any partition that Zionists would accept, there would be far more Arabs left in Jewish territory than Jews in Arab territory, and many thousands of these Arabs would presumably be turned out of their homes to make way for further Jewish immigrants. Would the evicted Arabs thrive? The parallel with India is highly misleading, since in India the respective strengths of the two communities are comparatively stable. The Mandate stated, as Koestler conveniently forgets, that nothing was to be done (in establishing a National Home) "which might prejudice the civil and religious liberties of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." And now these "non-Jewish communities" are asked to accept as just the partition of their country with a community whose right to be in the country at all they have never admitted.

Without defending the British Government's two years' indecision, or denying the tragedy of Europe's homeless Jews, I strongly resent the assumption, shared by many less biased than Koestler, that all the justice and morality are on one side. It is true that few Americans in America realise that the indigenous Arabs have any rights in this matter, but ask any intelligent American who has been any length of time in the Middle East, where right lies: it is this informed respect for our moral integrity that we need. And we also need, surely, the respect of the peoples of the Middle East themselves: they do not see Zionist claims quite as "simply" as Mr. Koestler.

OLIVER COBURN

[*We have received a large number of letters on this subject.*—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT TRIAL

Sir,—Jacob Bezalel, a 19 year old native of Jerusalem, was arrested "on suspicion" in March 1945, and in spite of an entire lack of any evidence against him he has been detained under the Palestine Defence Regulations ever since. Many protests have been made by his relatives, both in this country and in Palestine, but *he is still imprisoned* in Kenya. His brother has recently received a letter telling him that he is weak and ill in bed and that his eyesight is rapidly failing. Food is very short, and the prisoners at his camp now receive no meat or fish. We are informed that this young man is now in a state of absolute despair, and his brother is convinced that if nothing is done very quickly he will soon be driven to the point of suicide.

Jacob Bezalel is one of hundreds in the same terrible plight, and, unless this country is going to abandon its hitherto zealously-guarded belief in justice, these men must either be charged or released. Since it appears obvious that there is no evidence against them, they should be released forthwith. Indefinite detention without trial makes a mockery of law and justice, and in practice is indistinguishable from open persecution.

Our Committee appeals to everyone who is concerned with the policies of the Government and its actions in the name of the British people—whether at home or abroad—to urge the Colonial Secretary to intervene in this urgent matter, and instruct the High Commissioner for Palestine to release immediately all these men being detained under authoritarian "Defence Regulations," against whom no charge can be substantiated.

GEORGE WOODCOCK,
Secretary
Freedom Defence Committee,
8 Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1.

LAND WORKERS' UNION

SIR,—When, three years ago, I took up work on the land, it seemed to me that it was my duty to join a Trade Union. Being quite ignorant of the movement in detail, I had no idea which Union I ought to join until I noticed in your Journal a mention of the Agricultural Section of the Transport and General Workers Union. Guessing that farm workers were not organised in proportion to their numerical strength, I was quite ready to believe that they had no Union of their own. I was already isolated from sources of ready information, and my fellow-workers were vague on the subject; besides, I was at the time only feeling my way among their reactions to politics and the like. I therefore wrote to the Secretary of the T. and G.W.U. explaining the nature of my employment and applying for membership. The reply came from a local Secretary in the nearest large town and enclosed a card for receipting weekly contribu-

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tions which also gave particulars of benefits to which I was entitled, though, as these were mostly concerned with sickness and death, I could not help hoping that I should not need to avail myself of them. His letter began: "Dear Comrade," and ended "yours fraternally." This seemed to be very friendly, and since there was nobody to whom I could conveniently pay my weekly pennies, I sent a year's subscriptions in advance, including something towards the "political fund," which appeared to be more or less compulsory.

Living in the country one looks forward with more than usual pleasure to the coming of the postman. Anything that helps to ensure that he does not pass you empty-handed is eagerly arranged, and generally the most modest subscription to some Society brings a little literature in return. So I now looked forward to receiving something occasionally from my Union—even perhaps some words of encouragement to help me bear with equanimity the rather heavy burden of my new form of work. But the rush of seed-time and the super-rush of harvest passed, and not so much even as a plea for funds ever came through the letter box from it, nor when the year had gone by was I ever sent a reminder that my subscription was overdue.

It was not until afterwards that I came across, in the pocket of an ancient jacket hanging in the cow-shed, a pamphlet setting forth all the reasons for belonging to a Union, and found that I had joined the wrong one anyway. Later on, when wages were rising, a gradual realisation of what they owed to the organisation came over the workers on that particular farm, and we all joined the Agricultural Workers Union. When I left farming, however, an experience similar to my previous one was developing, and my long unpaid contributions and eventual resignation were received in silence.

It is notorious that because of the character of farm workers and their wide dispersal in small pockets of labour over the countryside, it is difficult to attract them into Trade Unionism, and large numbers remain outside and even almost totally ignorant of it. I cannot see that anything is being done to improve this position, at any rate in South-Eastern England.

IAN DARGE

Thornhill,
Balcombe Road, Haywards Heath.

POLAND

SIR,—In his article on Poland in your current issue Mr. Kingsley Martin states that M. Mikolajcyzk "made his last fatal mistake just before the elections, when he was guaranteed a large number of seats in the chamber, but refused in the belief that he would win a majority."

In that single statement the whole monstrous fraud of Eastern Europe lies revealed. Mikolajcyzk was "guaranteed" a large number of seats provided that he agreed to a rigged election—a one-party list in effect and no choice before the voters. For that is exactly what it amounts to. Mr. Kingsley Martin regards as an error of tactics what to Mikolajcyzk was a fundamental issue of principle. He refused an arbitrary allotment of seats because he believed that the people should be genuinely consulted.

Again, it is simply untrue to say that Mikolajcyzk believed that he would win a majority. He frequently discussed the electoral prospects of his party with me during the weeks preceding the election and I can state to my certain knowledge that he knew perfectly well that he would not be allowed to win a majority. But he did believe that it was better to take the constitutional line of standing and encouraging his followers to stand, even though it was public knowledge that every form of falsification and intimidation was being practised against his party. I was in Poland throughout this period and I know what I am talking about.

M. Mikolajcyzk was offered an electoral bribe in return for accepting a phoney election. He refused. Mr. Kingsley Martin shakes his head and seems to mutter "Dear me, what folly!"

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.

[Mr. Buckley writes from close personal acquaintance with Mr. Mikolajczyk, and his testimony that what I took to be political ineptitude was really high political principle is valuable. My own impression of Mr. Mikolajczyk as an honest, inept, slow and hesitant politician was formed not in Poland but in this country during the war. It was an impression shared, I believe, by British Ministers who tried to install him as Polish Premier at a time when that office was within his grasp; but that the Communists outwitted Mr. Mikolajczyk and rigged the election I have already made clear.—K. M.]

POSTMASTERS' HOLIDAYS

SIR,—I read with interest the paragraph in your issue dated 2nd August, relating to Summer Holidays and with particular reference to Sub-Postmasters. The first half of the paragraph is correct except that the figure is 23,000 instead of 18,000 Sub-Postmasters, who get no holiday relieved from responsibility for their offices.

The latter portion is, however, far from accurate. No Sub-Postmaster makes a "profit" on his post office business of anything approaching £700 to £1,000 a year.

These figures represent the gross salaries at the larger offices, and are expected to cover all expenses such as rent, rates, indoor assistance, and even stationery, ink and blotting paper.

You will readily understand that the wages to be paid for experienced clerks, in addition to the other items, will considerably reduce the figures quoted and will leave the net profit on a much lower level. Indeed, the main reason for these offices being amalgamated with other businesses is that the Post Office salary alone is insufficient as a means of livelihood.

S. A. WALKER
General Secretary
National Federation of Sub-Postmasters.

BRICKS

SIR,—The fact that the police did not interfere with the person who brought a load of brickbats to the scene of the rioting at Salford is hardly surprising. The recent cases at Hackney showed conclusively that the police arrested Jews only, although the learned magistrate said the promoters of the anti-Semitic meeting were obviously just as bad. During the "Mosley riots" the police invariably arrested only Jews. I was honorary warden of a children's club near Thames Police Court at the time, and I can say that I have always found the police inclined to anti-Semitism. Some sort of authoritative direction from Home Office authorities is long overdue.

26 West Street, W.C.2. TOWNLEY SEARLE

YUGOSLAVIA

SIR,—My own experience in Yugoslavia last October bears out Mr. Aylmer Vallance and contradicts Mr. Krnevic. In conversation with a railwayman in Belgrade, I made some remark in praise of Marshal Tito, to which I received the promp retort: "Yes, he's a grand fellow. But he couldn't have done anything without US!" I found the same attitude widely prevalent among the Youth at work on the Youth Railway.

EDGAR P. YOUNG

28, Gloucester Place,
London, W.1.

HEATH ROBINSON

SIR,—I am engaged upon writing the official biography of the late Mr. W. Heath Robinson, which is to be published this year by Herbert Joseph, Ltd. I shall be most grateful to any of your readers who can assist me with any letters from him, or any anecdotes or reminiscences. The greatest care will be taken of letters sent to me, and they will be promptly returned after copies have been made.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE taste for talk—serious talk—is an acquired one. Young Mary Arnold, a receptive and critical listener, granddaughter of Rugby's doctor and niece of the poet, must have acquired it at an early age. Her father, Thomas Arnold, was a converted Catholic who worked for a time under Newman at the Oratory School in Edgbaston. In 1867, when she was sixteen (her father had temporarily broken from the Catholic church) the family moved to Oxford, an Oxford reverberating with the cross-thunders of Liddon and Pusey, of Jowett and Pattison. There was Walter Pater to be visited, at work on *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* in his Morris-decorated house in the Bradmore Road, or her good friends the Mark Pattisons, at whose house she met Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, the gentleman an animated talker; the lady, "with long pallid face, set in black lace," speaking rarely, and then in a kind of flowing prose monologue. The following year she was introduced to M. Taine by Dr. Jowett. ("A very clever girl," murmured the Master.) The Frenchman, who spoke English poorly, complained to her that there was too much magenta in the dress of Englishwomen. During a visit to London in 1870 she was able to watch from the Ladies' Gallery her uncle William Forster bringing in his Education Bill. Presently she was to marry Humphry Ward, Fellow of Brasenose and later leader-writer on the *Times*; the circle of friends widened; there was more discussion, more speculation. How natural that in her novels Mrs. Ward should most easily envisage people in a state of debate; how natural that she should become the author of *Robert Elsmere*.

1888—the story of a doubting clergyman—would it at any other time have been received with such hysterical excitement? In a few years nearly a million copies were sold in England and America. It was the occasion for countless lectures, sermons and pamphlets. Mr. Gladstone made it the subject of a long critical essay in the *Nineteenth Century*. The core of the book is Robert Elsmere's failure to accept the miraculous element of Christianity. He resigns from his living and starts a settlement in the East End of London. His loss of faith destroys the happiness of his saintly wife Catherine. The three men who most influenced Elsmere's thinking, his tutor, Langham; Grey, the progressive philosopher; and the learned sceptic Roger Wendover, were based on Amiel, whose *Journal Intime* Mrs. Ward had recently translated, and on her old friends T. H. Green and Mark Pattison.

In spite of the academic flavour of so much of the conversation, it is not difficult to understand the book's appeal, nor even its curious fascination for the American readers who queued in the streets for cheap pirated copies. Besides the vicarious thrill of spiritual conflict the story is full of incidental interest. It moves in an ecstasy of description through the romantic Westmoreland countryside, the heaths and woods of Surrey, the wretched cottages and the great houses, the Oxford rooms and libraries, the salons and slums of London. And in these descriptions it is possible to enjoy her *longueurs* much more than in her scrupulously two-sided arguments. She has, to a highly developed degree, the romantic trick of linking landscape and story, which makes our remembrance of so many nineteenth-century novels as much topographical as personal.

> The pools in the ruts were just filmed with frost, and gleamed under the sunset; the winter dusk was clear and chill. A horseman turned into the road from a side lane It was the squire again, alone. The sharp sound of the approaching hoofs stirred Robert's pulse, and as they passed each other, the rector raised his hat. He thought his greeting was acknowledged, but could not be quite sure. From the shelter of a group of trees he stood a moment and looked after the retreating figure. It and the horse showed dark against a wide sky barred by stormy reds and purples. The wind whistled through the withered oaks; the long road with its lines of glimmering pools seemed to stretch endlessly into the sunset; and with every minute the night strode on. Age and loneliness could have found no fitter setting.

Moreover her air of double partisanship made it possible for both parties to use her as a banner. Roger Wendover, the harsh, brilliant scholar, completes the work of undermining Elsmere's faith, but he dies a lonely death, stricken by the madness that he has always feared. We are drawn to the Wendover mansion, "the crown and boast of Jacobean architecture," with its rare tapestries and bronzes, its garden terrace "designed by Evelyn," and its unique library of sceptical literature, and reminded that on the same estate the tenants are dying of fever in their damp, rotten cottages. The constructive part of the story (Robert's Brotherhood) has not nearly the interest of the catastrophe. The one thing that gives the book unity is Catherine's rigidity. Without her as a contrast none of the characters would seem half so wicked, half so wayward, so martyred, so charming.

It may have been a suggestion in a criticism by Henry James that made Mrs. Ward include in her next book, *David Grieve*, the situation of a girl artist choosing between her ambition and her love. But the author's heart was not in this problem; after all, she had no difficulty in managing both; and Elise Delaunay's disappearance was as much a relief for Mrs. Ward as it was painful for David. The fullest picture of Mrs. Ward may be found in the group of social and political novels of her middle writing years. They show the wide range of her activities; they reveal also her taste as a novelist for violent action as well as her considerable psychological shrewdness. She understands, for instance, why a man continues to poach after he has been given work. *Marcella*, which centres round a spirited attack on the English game laws, includes a vivid account of rabbit-netting by moonlight as well as a trial and a hanging; *Sir George Tressady* contains a serious mine disaster; both abound in rowdy political meetings. But the frame is a dazzling one. Though half a century separates them from *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, these novels are nearer to Disraeli's world than to Trollope's.

Yet where she was most of an artist was in a book less elaborate than any of these. Though it deals once again with the clash of beliefs, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* was conceived as a tragedy, not as a tract, and the result is, for Mrs. Ward, a rare kind of crystallisation. Bannisdale, in its wild setting, is the ancient home of the Helbecks, Catholics for twenty generations. Into this house the Catholic Alan Helbeck receives his widowed sister and her stepdaughter Laura Fountain, whose father was an agnostic Cambridge scholar. Laura's rejection of religion is as instinctive as Helbeck's faith, and while the two are drawn to each other, it is as impossible for her to step back into the old world as it is for him to become part of the new.

What distinguishes *Helbeck* from most of Mrs. Ward's books is its economy. Not one character could go without destroying something of the design. Everything is seen from a single viewpoint, that of Laura. Through her eyes we see first the "tattered splendour" of Bannisdale, emptied of its treasures by poverty. Through her we are made uncomfortably aware of the "mincing gentleness" of Father Bowles, the face "at once sweet and peevish" of a visiting nun, the oppressive drawing room where the hostile Father Leadham sits reading his *Tablet* on a distant sofa. While Laura is sensitive to the beauty and austerity of Bannisdale, she is irritated by Helbeck's ease in reconciling his love for her with his high view of celibacy. Helbeck, with his dark dignity, his formal manners and his flashes of cold anger, seems at first too formidable an opponent for the fragile, pretty Laura. But though she has the more mobile outlook—she does attempt to accept the beliefs which her nature resists—it is she who knows that there can be no solution.

Helbeck of Bannisdale was not, in its day, one of the most popular of Mrs. Ward's books. Though the house is none the less impressive because it is ruinous and bare, with ugly modern furniture, its splendour is of ancient date. There are no guests but a priest or two, or a shabby scholar; there is not even a hint of that brilliant social world whose door stands open in her other books, and which must have been extremely agreeable to many readers. Magnificence—the taste for superlatives—is it only these that place Mrs. Ward's books so irrevocably in an age that is past? So well chosen is the company, the Duke and the Dean, "the chief of English science side by side with the most accomplished of English critics," so noble are their homes, so rare the first editions in the libraries that one may feel, like Disraeli's Mr. Mountchesney, that bad wine would be a pleasant change from good. Yet on such grounds one could criticise many greater novels. Where Mrs. Ward falters is in her guilt about the cottages on the estate. She knows her cultured and wealthy households; she knows the labouring poor in town and country. She does not see that one is complementary to the other. And the large social group between these two hardly exists in her novels. For her the governess has no story. So well endowed herself, she was not concerned with the problems of ordinary men and women. She writes about people who are occupied not with a *modus vivendi* but with a mode of thinking. And thought is a currency less easy to pass between centuries than action or feeling. *Macbeth* is less dated than *Robert Elsmere*.

But there is a good deal to reward the reader who approaches Mrs. Ward's novels in the correct spirit of acceptance; to him, even Obermann in the drawing room will not come amiss. He will be aware, for one thing, of Mrs. Ward's evident pleasure in writing. Neither financial necessity nor an inadequate personal life impelled her to it. Indeed, while her contemporary Rhoda Broughton complained of the tyranny of the three-volume novel, Mrs. Ward had difficulty in compressing her work into a reasonable length. The fullness of her own life gave her almost too much material; it deprived her, perhaps, of intensity. But she was a skilful observer, apt at recording. With her care for accurate detail she spent a winter reading Catholic literature in preparation for *Helbeck*; she made a study of the Agricultural Reports of the Grand Commission on Labour before writing *Marcella*; she consulted the Webbs about her Factory Bill in *Sir George Tressady*. The facts are laid before us, and if to a more sophisticated age her conclusions have an air of naïvety or of sophistry, it only makes her work still more a reflection of her time. With more detachment, longer vision, and irony, she might not have been a novelist at all. Like so much nineteenth-century thinking, hers is honest, earnest, practical, excessively well intentioned, but it has a core of softness. A measure of this is in her attitude to Women's Suffrage, which she opposed on the vaguest emotional grounds. Love is not her chief preoccupation though marriage interested her deeply; money and poverty hardly concern her at all; her dinners consist of conversation rather than courses. What she does is to invite her readers into a spacious world (which was in her own lifetime to dissolve) where so much seemed established that the details of a theological creed could still arouse the heat of passion; to take them into the great country houses "where rival politicians could still meet each other, even at a crisis,"—the real heart of English government. Being purely contemporary in fact and outlook, her books contain, as it were, a natural preservative which the "historical" novel does not automatically possess. Such novels as hers are the immortelles of the book world. Bright, unfading, a little dusty, their place is on the shelves of the social historian, of the lover of the nineteenth century, and of that true novel-reader, a constant figure, for whom Dickens and Jane Austen wrote, as well as Mrs. Humphry Ward.

NAOMI LEWIS

INTRODUCTION TO BOCCACCIO

Boccaccio. By FRANCIS MACMANUS. *Sheed & Ward.* 16s.

Boccaccio is no gift to the biographer; we know a little—as Johnson said of human life—very little. And a good deal of that is lumber. He went on diplomatic missions, futile and long forgotten. Presumably he fell in love. We know Fiammetta's real name, but what she was, or what she was to her adorer, cannot be judged, though he explains interminably. For he understood the "correct idea," and all his facts are mixed up with it. The live, unedited material would not fill a book.

So it is a case for padding, and Dante's deathbed makes a good start. "From maple to maple and elm to elm the fruitful garlands of the vines hung, burdened with the purple-black, the golden yellow, the pink and the deep red grapes. . . . The wheat had long been reaped thriftily from between the olive trees. . . ." In short it was September. He died in exile, as we know, with all the rites of the Church; and he, unlike Boccaccio, was really in politics. These provide a chapter, and the next chapter is a stroll round Florence. Boccaccio was eight years old at that time. "Watch him running from his father's dark house to his companions. . . ."

Yet in a way this style is deceptive. The author knows fact from fiction as well as anyone; he is honest and straightforward, confessing ignorance, reserving judgment—only, his heart is set on being a live wire. He thinks that dead material will respond to galvanism. Take the rather dim Fiammetta, call her a hussy, an attractive baggage—and all is changed, or anyhow it is the most he can do. For he has no pretensions to scholarship, and treats the learned as a great joke. God bless them! How they "scuffle up materials," how they sniff, and whoop, and yelp over a small find! Really, he knows much better than to talk like that; it is the live wire again.

But though discovery is not his line, he has a thesis to offer. Boccaccio, living in "the nightfall of the Middle Ages," was divided against himself, torn between the love of love and the love of God.

That, certainly, is one way of putting it. And the cleavage did exist. As a sincere Catholic, Boccaccio always held illicit love to be wrong; on the other hand, he felt there was nothing like it. Still he seems to have been comfortable in this dilemma for many years, like a great many believers in other centuries. One ought, of course, if possible, to live chastely—but the flesh is weak, and what a good thing! But when the season of gallantry was over, when women laughed at him, when he grew old and fat and fearful of his latter end, repentance and misogyny came together. And the misogyny had not far to come. He had always, in his sober mind, rated women low, for they were not scholars: the only class of beings be truly respected. No one could be more devout and humble than Boccaccio with greater clerks than himself, but then, he took it out in scorn of the profane vulgar. Women who mocked him had committed sacrilege, and they deserved to be torn in pieces.

The author has his own cleavage and dilemma when confronted with the sex theme in Boccaccio's life and art. He is a Catholic, and therefore cannot approve. Yet he cannot bear to range himself with the disapprovers—"snivelling, indefatigably censorious malvolios . . . who loathe the flesh, suspect matrimony, equate immorality, God help them, with the natural instincts of farmyard animals, ferret odorously around the bookshops and art-galleries of cities seeking what they may bestale. . . ." etc., etc. Which may be virile but is not a judgment of the *Decameron*. In this case, are the "snivelling malvolios" right or wrong? Are the indecent stories right or wrong? Mr. MacManus wants to stand up for them; and his first line of defence is that after all there are not so many—"not as many as the general effect would lead a reader to believe after the attrition of his memory and time had obliterated details." An ingenuous and weak argument. Granted that much of the *Decameron* is above reproach—and incidentally, how *pale et noble* is this graver side, how remote and medieval, how unlike Dante, in whom nothing seems medieval but the ideas! But what of the irreducible pornographic remnant? Even that, since laughter is "a release from suffocating sexuality," may be claimed for righteousness. Sexuality "can ordain its own almost exclusive government and set up its own *mystique*. . . . But men laugh." No doubt they do; but seldom have modest women, a group of "honourable ladies," been quite so frank in mixed company. Chaucer was no prude; yet he made a point of giving his lewd stories to the lewd fellows—and, one can't help thinking, with the Lady Prioress out of earshot.

But if Mr. MacManus were not himself spoiling for a fight, there would be no temptation to quarrel with him; his book is lively, sensible in spite of appearances, a good all-round introduction to Boccaccio. It includes a number of extracts in verse and prose, in English and Italian—and here again he has a thesis: if Boccaccio were alive to-day he would use a modern idiom, therefore he should not be translated as "dead." However, without excusing such archaisms as "what boots it", and "harsh to usward," one may point out that if he were alive to-day he would not write the *Decameron*. While the author's own, and most gratuitous, attempt on a little poem by Franco Sacchetti shows what crimes may be committed in the name of vitality.

K. JOHN

A MODERN BEDLAM

Certified: An Autobiographical Study. By H. G. WOODLEY. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

Mr. Woodley spent a year in an English lunatic asylum; his account of that experience is lurid and disturbing. "Autobiographical study," by the way, must be taken to mean less self-revelation than first-hand account. About himself he keeps back as much as he tells. How one morning he was arrested, examined by police doctors, and certified insane, we are told—how, but not why; nor, discussing afterwards the various types of mental derangement, does he give any clue to his own. He might be the perfectly sane victim of injustice or misunderstanding: such, perhaps, is the impression intended. All that he says has to be taken on trust. I emphasise this point, which the author himself makes quite plainly before opening his narrative, because it is one that will intermittently nag every reader of the book. No confirmation, medical or otherwise, accompanies any of Mr. Woodley's statements; and his only backing is that the late H. G. Wells read his manuscript and offered to publish it himself in a more explanatory form. The qualification remains. Still, so far as one can judge, there is no reason to doubt either Mr. Woodley's truthfulness or the substantial accuracy of his impressions.

Blankville Lunatic Asylum, then, is typical of "quite a number" of institutions which have not yet learnt humane, scientific methods. Time and again we are reminded of the eighteenth-century Bedlam or human Zoo. True, solitary confinement and starvation have been replaced by communal living and good rations; true also, that the hopelessly insane *are* sometimes human animals, little more, and would in any conditions behave as such. The first shock of meeting them appals us almost as much as it did Mr. Woodley when, wearing a canvas buttonless night-shirt and

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THE BODLEY HEAD

derelict slippers, he was introduced into the ward :

> Never had I seen such an awful spectacle. The floor was of polished bare boards. There was a most foul smell in the air, indescribably offensive : a faecal smell intermingling with the strong aroma of urine. . . . But the foulness of the place was but my first impression, which was at once followed by a far more vivid realisation : that the place was inhabited by beings who were only at first glance men. And then, as I looked around me, it was evident that they were not exactly men, for they paid not the slightest attention to my arrival. . . . The majority were in bed ; others, dressed in shabby and untidy clothes, were seated about on chairs and on the settees. One individual only was in motion—a stone-faced young man who was walking with an appearance of concentrated method to and fro in a restricted circle in the far corner of the ward. Another sat up in bed, and seemed to remove a cobweb from his face by continually repeated gestures. Another seemed to be sunk in profound despair. A very old man or, more rightly, the grotesque and dribbling caricature of what had once been a man, then stepped from his bed and began to move slowly through the ward, his " water " spurting over beds, lunatics and nurses as he tottered along. . . .

To some extent the horror of this mellay is lessened when we get to know individual persons. Not all of them are beyond normal behaviour or communication. There is the piano-playing " virtuoso of neuroses," who thrives on imaginary ailments and anticipations, planning always a non-existent future : the worst that can be said of him is that he is a sometimes frantic bore. There is the dipsomaniac, not unkindly or unintelligent, who has been there twenty-five years, and from time to time sits down to indite a best-seller. (This is fact, not hallucination.) There is Mr. Woodley himself, known to his fellow sufferers as " the Doctor," since he seems always detached and sympathetic and gets to know them perhaps better than any doctor. They, and others, earn privileges by their comparative sanity : it is not very long, in fact, before Mr. Woodley has a room of his own with a wireless, and can even get away for a day on parole. But leniency in a few cases and a sympathetic " chief " (for whom Mr. Woodley has nothing but praise) hardly excuse the barbarism of the whole system.

Under that system patients of every kind—congenital idiots, schizophrenics, and borderline cases—are all herded together in clamour and filth ; no psychological treatment whatever is attempted ; the recalcitrant are quelled by violence and drugs (a blow in the stomach to persuade anyone resisting his dose of paraldehyde); physical ailments may go unheeded because of inadequate medical supervision ; the dying are attended by the same public squalor as the living ; small wonder that the man or woman pitchforked into such a hell either comes out very quickly or remains for ever. Mr. Woodley discovered for himself that sympathy could work wonders where brutality had failed. No doubt the great majority of the inmates are incurable : that does not justify the sort of conditions described here. Whatever the rights or wrongs of Mr. Woodley's own case, it is obviously criminal that a man of his susceptibilities and intelligence should have to undergo such torments, which might well drive insane anyone not insane already. According to his account, no doctor at Blankville Asylum seriously tried to examine him, and it was by a sort of tacit understanding that he was granted unlimited parole and after a year released. During that time he wrote much of the present book, which in the circumstances is remarkably objective, and planned two others : one, a thorough self-investigation ; the other an essay on mania. His psychological insight is by no means superficial. *Certified* contains not only vivid descriptions of persons in an asylum but serious judgments on the nature of insanity. Those who have never come into contact with the mentally deranged have probably no conception of the hellish drabness that rules such lives. The temptation of the imaginative writer is to render abnormal states of mind exciting. Mr. Woodley keeps to the truth.

> Dostoevski was a great artist with the ability to paint perfect pictures of insanity ; but, even so, I fear the artist runs away with the scientist when, in *The Idiot*, he states that Nastasia Philipovna's insanity made her more beautiful than ever ; for no man, not even Dostoevski, has ever seen anything beautiful in a lunatic—simply because, although lunacy can at times add to the mental beauty of the victim, it must invariably and immediately destroy physical beauty ; for beauty dies where lunacy sets root.

G. W. STONIER

MILTON AND "PARADISE LOST"

Paradise Lost and its Critics. By A. J. A. WALDOCK. *Cambridge Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this book may suggest that it is yet another reinstatement of Milton on that high eminence from which he was once thought to have been deposed by Mr. T. S. Eliot's criticism. But Mr. Eliot has recently denied that he intended any such deposition so that there can be little more to say on this issue. Professor Waldock, however, is not much concerned with the style of *Paradise Lost*, nor, except in his concluding chapter, does he mention Mr. Eliot. His subject is the meaning of the poem, and the critics with whom he chiefly joins issue are Dr. Tillyard and Mr. C. S. Lewis, though he skirmishes with all the eminent English and American scholars who have examined the meaning of *Paradise Lost*. Indeed, it is one of the merits of his book that it can serve as a bibliographical introduction to twentieth-century Milton criticism.

Professor Waldock reminds us that : " Thirty years ago scholars began to ask a new question about *Paradise Lost*. . . . The question was : what does Milton *mean*. . . ." He believes this to be an all-important question, but he is dissatisfied with all the answers. In his opinion no one has yet squarely faced the fact that : " In the poem as it is there is a fundamental clash : it is a clash between what the poem asserts, on the one hand, and what it compels us to feel, on the other." Professor Waldock emphasises the difference between what Milton preconceived about his subject and what he discovered when he contemplated it with the " wise passiveness " necessary to poetic composition. Adam's decision to share the guilt of Eve, for instance, was thought of by Milton as a main factor in the " cause of all our woe." But what he felt about it is what he makes us feel when Adam says :

> And mee, with thee hath ruined, for with thee
> Certain my resolution is to Die.
> How can I live without thee, how foregoe
> Thy sweet converse and Love so dearly joyn'd
> To live again in these wilde woods forlorn ?

Professor Waldock demonstrates that :

> The conflict in our response to *Paradise Lost* is far from nominal. If we push analysis to the limit we find, I think, that it comes to this : the poem asks from us, at one and the same time, two incompatible responses. It requires us, not tentatively not half-heartedly . . . but with the full weight of our minds to believe that Adam did right, and simultaneously it requires us with the full weight of our minds to believe that he did wrong.

Mr. C. S. Lewis, in *A Preface to Paradise Lost*, assumes that when we understand what Milton thought about God, Satan and mankind we shall have discovered the meaning of the poem. Dr. Tillyard, on the other hand, discusses an " unconscious meaning." Professor Waldock advances the view that the poem means what it says : if it says two incompatible things, then Milton meant both, but the more important for us, when

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we read *Paradise Lost*, is the one he discovered as he contemplated his characters and their situation and that his poem affirms to our feelings.

All students of *Paradise Lost* will find this book interesting. It is full of good sense, it deals honestly with its problem and, at every step, the argument is closely related to the text of the poem. Possibly Professor Waldock exaggerates the width of the gulf between Milton's intellectual exposition and his demonstration in terms of character and story; but there is a gulf, even if only a narrow one. The chief value of this book is that it reminds us of the overriding authority of the emotional effect the poem produces on an unprejudiced reader, an effect which is the result of the intensity with which Milton imagined the situation; Professor Waldock's central thesis is that:

> In any work of imaginative literature it is the demonstration that has the higher validity: an allegation can possess no comparable authority.

JOAN BENNETT

IN YUGOSLAVIA

The Watershed. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Contact.* 8s. 6d.

Irregular Adventure. By CHRISTIE LAWRENCE. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Honest books about Yugoslavia are few and far between; but this is certainly one of them. It is the more useful for being written by someone who, while admiring the achievements of Yugoslav democracy and finding the Yugoslavs a fine, enthusiastic people, does not pretend that everything in Yugoslavia is perfect. The Yugoslavs have shown themselves a good deal better at doing than talking, and much wilful misunderstanding of their recent history by the West has been deepened by the improbable mark of perfection they have sometimes wished to impose upon the foreigner's picture of their splendid but erratic country. Mr. Calder-Marshall's sympathetic and sensible interpretation deserves a wide public.

Bent on filming refugee camps in the Middle East, Mr. Calder-Marshall quickly found that this project would involve "drawing odious contrasts." The Greek camps set up by Unrra were filled necessarily with Elas refugees who feared their own government (then established in Cairo), and found their camps, practically speaking, places of detention. But the Yugoslav camps at El Shatt in Sinai breathed the spirit of a new world, and "in these few square miles of sand, which momentarily was Yugoslavia, all their energies were turned to the only form of service which could help the National Liberation Movement, the training which would be useful for reconstructing their country when they got home." So he obtained permission from the Ministry of Information to make a film about the reconstruction of Yugoslavia, and to this end travelled in the country soon after liberation. He travelled, it seems, as well and as easily as his book reads, with open eyes and invincible good humour, and in much of what he says he catches with delightful brevity and tact the style of a country where the notion of human equality is embedded firmly in the soil of everyday life, where emotions are direct and uninhibited, where heroic qualities are counted virtue and narrow prudence vice, where fourteen million people (or most of them) ardently believe that they have opened wide the gates to a new and fuller life. Here and there the book is marred by the repetition of silly tittle-tattle such as that our earliest liason officer with Tito advised surrender.

The film which he and others made, *The Bridge*, was set in Eastern Bosnia, a wild and savage region where ways of life can have changed little in centuries. Across these empty hills the partisans fought back and forth for nearly four years, and towns like Vlasenitsa, described by Mr. Calder-Marshall, changed hands twenty and thirty times. Few scenes in his book are more revealing than when he records the Jugoslav Government's half-resentment of the choice of Bosnia. People, they thought, would get the wrong impression of Yugoslavia as a whole.

"You say the children have scabies," they said. "We want you to take that out."

"But it's true."

"It may be true. But we don't want you to say it."

Illustrating their difficulties, they said, would make people pity them, and they did not want pity. "If people want to help us, let them do so because they like us, because they admire what we have done, because they are grateful, but not, please, because they pity us."

Calder-Marshall had his difficulties, too. He was dogged by a dismal character called Mr. Almuli, whom the Yugoslav Government detailed as liaison officer. Few foreigners who have lived in and loved Yugoslavia have escaped without their Mr. Almulis, the lazy bureaucratic idiots levered into positions of passing authority by the chance of possessing some education at a time when the best heads are busy on more urgent tasks. But the officious, omniscient, and entirely exasperating Mr. Almuli met his mark in Mr. Calder-Marshall, who emerged from Yugoslavia with his admiration and sympathy deepened and confirmed, and for whom the real meaning of the Yugoslav revolution was contained in the words of the secretary of the elected committee for Vlasenitsa:

> "My friend," he said, "in Vlasenitsa we have suffered much. You have seen our city. It changed hands 47 times. . . . But during those years we learned some things without which we should not have survived; and one of those things is that when you have enough and another is in want you give to him who needs. . . ."

Irregular Adventure has a double interest. Students of Balkan affairs will find that it adds much to their knowledge of the early days of the Yugoslav insurrection, for Mr. Lawrence, having escaped from German imprisonment by jumping from a train in eastern Serbia in June 1941, spent the next year with the nascent forces of revolt. His is the only non-Yugoslav eye-witness description of those famous days in Autumn 1941, when partisans and chetniks together stormed and captured the valley of the Western Morava, and held it for long against the Germans. Nor was he content to remain a mere observer, for he commanded a small partisan company during the battle for Kraljevo.

Through his simple and well-written tale there emerge some of the amazing outlines of the Serbian revolt, the blind determination of the peasants to avenge their undeserved defeat, the chaos of command, the gradual disintegration of chetnik combativeness between contending leaders of whom Mihailovich was only one until the B.B.C. gave him the cachet of British support, and the final loss of unity. The author is modest about himself, but the story of his wanderings shows that he took all the risks. After the defeat in the Western Morava he spent many months in moving from one chetnik command to another. He strode into the lion's den to interview the infamous Pechanats, he bluffed and outfronted the murderous Keserovitch, he met and found "almost a pathetic figure," the over-publicised Mihailovich, and it was to Mihailovich that he was going when "legalised" chetniks handed him over to the Germans.

As a tale of adventure the book is excellent, but as history it must be taken with reserve. Mr. Lawrence's knowledge of political conditions was sketchy and confused, and he seems to have made no attempt to acquaint himself with an extensive

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literature published during and since the war, so that he can make the ridiculous assertion, for instance, that Tito "was produced by the partisans as their leader at a later stage of the war." When read against a wider background, the book reveals once more the treachery and boastful pretensions of Mihailovich and his men.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Léon Bloy: A Study in Impatience. By ALBERT BÉGUIN. *Sheed and Ward.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is not a bit of use writing about Léon Bloy in an effusive and uncontrolled manner. Once the facts of the life and the sources of certain leading ideas have been presented, the more analytical and even destructive the rest may be the better. One is then left with the irreducible element of pure genius which not all that apocalyptical silliness and not all that megalomania could hide. The most useful of the French books on Bloy is Ernest Seillière's *Psychologie d'un Mystique*. Seillière is not a particularly sensitive critic, but at least he has the merit of being hostile. M. Béguin omits Seillière from his bibliography. M. Béguin's own book follows Bloy breathlessly up the shrill peaks of prophecy and down into the gulfs of despair without a chirp of disapproval or protest. The result is merely tiring. So far as one can see, it is M. Béguin's opinion that the recent war and the difficulties of its aftermath are our merited punishment for not previously buying the works of Léon Bloy in sufficient quantity or reading them with adequate care. This is hard on English readers, who never really had a chance.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Flos Campi* (William Primrose, with Philharmonia Orch. and B.B.C. Chorus, cond. Boult. H.M.V. DB6353-5). A curious, indeterminate, but very seductive work. It is in six sections, each prefaced by a quotation from the *Song of Solomon* and each merging almost imperceptibly into the next. As Mr. Frank Howes says, in his excellent analysis: "The actual stuff of the music is a progress from a keyless, rhythmless, arabesque-like melody signifying desire and longing for the beloved . . . to a diatonic, rhythmic, almost march-like theme, worked contrapuntally in canon and imitation expressive of fulfilment." Like all such dreams, this one becomes diaphanous at last and dies away into nothing. As in *Job*, the harmony is rather thickly distributed; but in this case the recording results are a good deal better, although the climaxes would probably overload on most reproducers. It is difficult to imagine a better performance: the solo viola of William Primrose has a velvety richness that was absent from his recording of Walton's Viola Concerto. The choral passages, which are coloristic in intention, are kept well in place. This may be too leisurely and too mannered a work to please any save the more confirmed of Dr. Vaughan Williams's admirers; but those it will please immensely.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Romeo and Juliet* (Royal Philharmonic Orch., cond. Beecham, H.M.V. DB6920-2). Ditto (National Symphony Orch., cond. Albert Coates, Decca K1305-7). This particular competition results in a very near thing. After much deliberation I conclude that Sir Thomas has it; but I strongly recommend amateurs of this exciting work to take occasion to judge for themselves. However, I am in no doubt that both sets render that of Koussevitzky—fine as it is—out of date. In point of dramatic vigour, there is nothing to choose between Sir Thomas and Mr. Coates; in the latter set some details (e.g., the harp) stand out in higher relief; but the string tone of the Royal Symphony Orchestra is superior to that of the National, and it is more faithfully reproduced. This alone, I think, makes the H.M.V. issue preferable.

BRAHMS: *Violin Concerto* (Szigeti, with Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy, Col. LX983-6). Szigeti's violin has never lent itself easily to recording, but this time the engineers appear to have thrown up the sponge. The tone of the solo is invariably scrannel, the orchestra shallow and out of focus, the balance most ineptly contrived. Even the old Szigeti set (apparently still available) is better than this, but the second Kreisler recording seems to me—for beauty of tone and general authenticity—still the best of all.

MOZART: *Symphony No.* 33 *in B flat* (Vienna Philharmonic Orch., cond. Karayan, Col. LX1006-8). This delightful little work used to exist in a good recording by the Edwin Fischer Chamber Orchestra. That has now disappeared from the catalogue, but the new issue replaces it more than adequately. This is, I have no doubt, the best recording of the month and the performance is beautifully classical in feeling, clear in outline and balance of parts.

DEBUSSY: *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune* (Philharmonia Orch., cond. Galliera, Col. DX1381). The best issue, to date, in this country. The Beecham disc has held its own for a long time, but I think it must now give way to Signor Galliera's. Everything about this performance and recording are admirably right, except perhaps for a tinge of over-recording in the climax on side 1. The pianissimi, on the other hand, are beautifully managed. Even at the vanishing point of this tenuous music there is always something left to vanish.

SAINT-SAËNS: *Second Piano Concerto* (Moiseiwitsch, with Philharmonia Orch., cond. Cameron, H.M.V. C3588-90). This is an outstanding set, by far the most satisfactory yet made. Full volume everywhere without distortion, an excellent balance, agreeable tone from both piano and orchestra. This concerto is, I suppose, one of the most popular in the whole repertory; yet it is difficult to imagine how, after so weighty a first movement and so witty a scherzo, the composer could have been satisfied with so miserable a Finale. But anyone who loves the piano for its own sake must admire the skill and variety of Saint-Saëns' writing for it—especially in the first movement of this concerto. Moiseiwitsch handles the solo with great authority. His virtuosity we take for granted; less frequently displayed, his ability to deliver a fine phrase with depth and eloquence is particularly remarkable in this performance.

RESPIGHI: *The Fountains of Rome* (Symphony Orch. of the Augusteo, Rome, cond. De Sabata, H.M.V. DB6448-50). This piece may be considered to have won its spurs. Derided by musicians, ever since it appeared, as vulgar and spurious, it nevertheless seems—to one critic at any rate—the best piece of symphonic impressionism composed since 1914. The material may not be of the first order, but it is attractive, and its treatment, by a master of orchestration, is unfailingly beautiful and even thrilling. The whole work recaptures, with expert charm, the steady fire of a Roman summer. The new recording indulges in some fierce dynamics; but the orchestral playing is lovely and comes through well on the whole.

MOUSSORGSKY arr. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Dances of the Persian Slaves* (*Khovantschina*, act 4) (Royal Philharmonic Orch., cond. Beecham, H.M.V. DB6450). A brilliant piece of exotic music, which deserves to be at least as popular as the *Prince Igor* ballet. The orchestra is given plenty of room in the recording, but I think the strenuous final passage might have been more carefully engineered. Otherwise the wide dynamic range has been well managed and should give good results on most instruments.

WEINBERGER: *Polka and Fugue* ("Schwanda") (Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy, Col. LX1005). The synthetic jollity of this highly successful opera is bound to remain suspect to musicians. *Volkstümlichkeit* should be natural, not manufactured by selecting the ingredients and stewing them in saccharine. I wonder Weinberger has not patented his recipe. He is a very knowing composer, with enough natural talent to carry off the more accessible prizes. Futile, therefore, to deny the obvious qualities of this Polka and Fugue: they *are* amusing and, within limits, pretty. Abominably over-scored, this music will never sound really well on a disc. Suffice it to say here that the recording of a brilliant performance sounds less fussy and blatant than I feared it would.

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Juliet) and Waltz and Chorus (*Faust*) (B.B.C. Theatre Orch. and Chorus, cond. Goehr, Decca K1599). This is an excellent, most restrained recording. These choral waltzes are performed with a lightness and gaiety which are enchanting to listen to.

SULLIVAN: *Iolanthe Overture* (Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Sargent, Col. DX1378). Any impatience with the tame atmosphere of the Savoy operas, any feeling that as an institution they need reconsideration, must give way before the serene dexterity, the pert prettiness, of certain individual "numbers," among which this overture is outstanding. Sir Malcolm Sargent gives each detail the serious attention it deserves and the result is an exemplary performance. The tutti are very slightly over-recorded, but not enough to spoil the disc.

FAURÉ: *Nocturne from "Shylock" Suite*, and ELGAR: *Elegy for Strings op. 58* (Hallé Orch., cond. Barbirolli, H.M.V. B9567). Although perhaps of unequal musical value, these two pieces are well coupled, for both are quiet and meditative and sufficient to themselves. The Elegy sounds particularly well; the Nocturne is the better work, but the recording gives the muted violins a poor, edgy tone.

WAGNER: *Wotans Abschied* ("Die Walküre") (Paul Schoeffler, with London Symphony Orch., cond. Rankl, Decca K1497-8). Herr Schoeffler may not be a great Wotan, but he has a powerful, well-controlled voice with the right timbre for the part. It is no doubt unfair to expect anything like perfect recording of music as voluminous as this, but it certainly should not be necessary for the orchestral substance to slop over as badly as it does here.

VERDI: "Caro nome" (*Rigoletto*) and DONIZETTI: "O luce di quest' anima" (*Linda di Chamonix*) (Elda Ribetti with Philharmonia Orch., cond. Braithwaite, H.M.V. C3587). This record has tiresome faults and equally striking virtues. It is true that at the end of "O luce" the recording makes Signora Ribetti's high notes sound unendurably nasty; and surely it was a pity to have concluded "Caro nome" before the real end. But it is a pleasure to hear so round and steady a soprano, such tidy singing, such fidelity to the note-values (e.g., in the *cabaletta* of "O luce," where the grace-notes are sung as written—a piece of elegance which sopranos, except Sembrich, usually scamp).

PUCCINI: Love Duet, Act 1 (*Madam Butterfly*) (James Johnston and Joyce Gartside, with Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Collingwood, Col. DX1376). Well above the average in this kind of issue. Both soloists possess an agreeable and solid *mezza voce*, and can let out their voices without producing that unmusical yell with which modern opera singers have made us so distressingly familiar. The balance is good and the recording not unduly reckless.

SCHUBERT: *Der Wanderer and Der Doppelgänger* (Hans Hotter acc. Nordberg, Col. LX1004). A most satisfactory disc. *Der Doppelgänger* is to most singers what the Boyg was to Peer Gynt ("You must go round"), and if Herr Hotter is not perhaps capable of quite so long-sustained a legato as is needed, he does attain an impressive measure of success in this wonderful but most taxing song. His *Der Wanderer* is admirable.

FAURÉ: "Arpège" and "Clair de Lune" (Gérard Souzay acc. Damase, Decca M606). Keep it up, Monsieur Souzay, keep it up! "Clair de Lune" is, of course, one of Fauré's best-known songs. The piano part in it is almost as important as the voice, and here it is delicately and fluently played. "Arpège" has not, I think, been recorded in this country before; it is, however, in Fauré's most attractive vein. In accordance with the spirit of these songs, M. Souzay never allows his voice to rise above a *mezzo forte*.

WOLF: "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier" and "Nun wandre, Maria" (Mark Raphael, acc. Gerald Moore, H.M.V. C3591). Mr. Raphael is a most intelligent and sensitive singer, and when he does not force his voice the tone is strikingly good. I recommend this disc strongly, but for the first song only. In "Nun wandre" the tessitura is rather too high for the singer, so that, although his rendering is on the right lines, the feeling of strain destroys the calm, steady movement without which Wolf's extraordinary inspiration can hardly reach us. Recording good.

CHOPIN: *Polonaise in A flat, op. 53* (Frances Ellegaard. Decca K1600). An uninteresting record, feebly played and lacking any special quality which might justify yet another issue of this work.

CHOPIN: *Scherzo in B minor* (Cyril Smith, Col. DX1382). Few would find fault with Mr. Cyril Smith's general conception of this fiery piece. Yet throughout this recording, at any rate, he spoils his effect by allowing his left hand to drown the flying semi-quavers allotted to the right. The lyrical middle section comes off better, but does not really *sing*.

BRAHMS: *Rhapsody in G minor, op. 79*, and *Ballade in G minor, op. 118* (Edwin Fischer, H.M.V. DB6437). Here, too, the pianist can hardly be described as at his best. The playing is heavy and laboured: two of Brahms's most serious and imaginative inventions for the piano are made to seem second-rate. Neither this nor the last-mentioned record gives any impression of grandeur or inevitability.

SHAKESPEARE and WALTON: Speeches and Music based on the film "Henry V" (Laurence Olivier with the Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus, cond. Walton, H.M.V. C3583-6). This issue is of historical importance, for in it Sir Laurence Olivier has recorded some of the most beautiful and thrilling speeches of the play. Not all of these belong to the king: we have the young soldier's meditation on the night before Agincourt, and Burgundy's description of devastated France. Both of these were supremely well spoken in the film—by other actors; but no one is likely to quarrel with Sir Laurence's delivery of them. William Walton's music is no doubt the best—the most musicianly and deeply felt—that he has written in this genre; most of it is extremely well recorded. Some may object to the orchestral accompaniments to the speeches; personally, I feel that the music, beautifully balanced as on the whole it is, enhances the meaning of the words—especially in Burgundy's monologue, which is a memorably lovely piece of "melodrama."

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and his fury made him forget his grammar. A number of contributors, including some of the most formidable, failed to grasp what was wanted—no fault, no doubt, though the great majority cottoned on. One of them challenged his rivals to compete with his verse which contained ten different sounds (one of them a dissyllable, incidentally), but the result lacked charm and wit. Several interpreted "anything cool" very freely—*e.g.* Robert Gaffikin's *On Cool Reflection :*

"I will," said a Dame
Beneath a dim
Dome.
When she knew her doom,
She wished she'd been dumb.

I think that the results justify the experiment, and the competition was popular, so that I may be tempted to try it again. Judging by quality not quantity, I recommend a guinea each for C. R. Cook, Joyce Johnson and "Little Billee," half a guinea each to H. A. C. Evans, G. J. Blundell, Frances Orme, Mon, W. N. Hoyte and P. W.

The Park may boast
A Grecian bust,
The Mansion boost
A Landseer beast—
But Beer is best.

To cool themselves, boys
Splash in bays,
Bees
Buzz,
Men booze. C. R. Cook

Swan and mate
On lilied moat
Glide slow and mute ;
And where we met
Blooms bergamot.

Here a willow droops,
And creeper drapes
With withered ropes
The fountain, whose drips
Are cool as snowdrops.

"What fun"
Thought Josephine,
"To have a faun
"Fan
"You with a fern." Joyce Johnson

On Thames-flood floating,
Last bird fluting,
First bat flitting,
A cool care-flouting
Home we're fleeting.
In London pent:
At melting-point
Fancy will paint
The Thames—a punt—
A pint! "Little Billee"

In the late
Sunlight
Let
Me lie afloat
Plucking at my lute.

Wooed
By the water-weed
I wade
'Neath the wide
Shade of the wood.
H. A. C. Evans

Sad sea,
Say
Why dost sigh
And sough
So?

By the Brussels' bed
The butterflies breed
Their baleful brood
Who bode
Ill for leaf and bud.
G. J. Blundell

The willows lean
In line
Along the Lune,
Whose silver lane
Leads by our lawn. Frances Orme

To weary eyes
No river is
So full of ease
As
Is the Ouse. Mon

Earth ever lives.
Time's river laves
Her banks. Our loves
And lives
Pass like floating leaves.
W. N. Hoyte

With fingers feel the waterfall
Slip down from fell and fill cold
Pools brim full. P. W.

Into their lair
With a friendly leer
But a broken lyre
Rhinemaidens lure
The traveller. "Topham"

The Garden
A dream domain
Of rose and jasmine,
Phlox and cyclamen
Beneath the lemon
Moon. W. Heath

A Wizard Retreat
In Babylon
A demi-lune
Of willows lean
O'er a dim lawn
Where dreams Merlin.
A. Westlake

So
I sigh
For julep Sue,
As in Arkansas
Or Tennessee. Beta

The Rhône,
The Saône, the Rhine,
The serene
Seine—all streams that run
Were once rain.
Peter Chamberlain

May I soon
See, as I have seen
That sign
Of peace, the Seine,
Silver in the sun. J. C. B. Date

Coolness on the River!
Ready for love, red
Lipped and gay arrayed
She swayed past reed
And water-weed. Rude
Clod, *he* simply rowed. . . .
Mortley Taylor

If your Boss
Doth Buss
Your Sweetheart Bess,
Don't shoot. Have a Bass
And say Bis! Noollab

At the coast
The meekest
Maids can be kissed
Without cost
Or loss of caste. Effie Fair

One can bear
A bore
Or a boor
In a bar
That has beer. J. N.

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Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY of Wales. University College of N. Wales, Bangor. The Council will shortly appoint a Professor of Philosophy with effect from January 1, 1948, or the earliest convenient date thereafter. Salary £1,450 p.a. plus superannuation. Applics. should be lodged with Glyn Roberts, Secy. and Registrar, from whom further partics. may be obtained, by October 31, 1947.

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Social Studies. Candidates must be graduates with exp. in practical social work. Salary scale of Assistant Lecturer is £400-£430 and of Lecturer (Grade II) £500×£50—£650, with children's allowances and superann. benefits. Status and initial salary according to qualifications and exp. Applics. with names of two refs. should be received by Registrar, if possible by September 6, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

THE University of Tasmania. Applics. addressed to the Registrar are invited for appointment to following positions: 1. Lecturer in Mathematics. 2. Lecturer in Statistics and Economics. Salary for both positions according to qualifics. and exp. within salary range £500-£700. Conditions and other details may be obtained from Agent General for Tasmania, Golden Cross House, Charing Cross, London, S.W.C.2, and Universities in Great Britain. Closing date for receipt of applics. for the Lectureship in Mathematics is Sept. 30, 1947, and for Lectureship in Statistics and Economics Oct. 31, 1947.

UNIVERSITY of London invites applics. for post of an additional Assistant Secretary for Tutorial Classes. Salary £500-20-£580, plus Family Allowance where appropriate, superann. Scheme. Pref. given to graduates about 30. Exp. of adult education essential. Applics. should reach the Director, Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (from whom further partics. and applic. forms can be obtained) by Oct. 15.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applics. invited for a lecturer or assistant lecturer (man) in Colonial Social Science. Duties will be mainly tutorial work for students from the Colonies preparing for social welfare posts on their return to the Colonies, but successful candidate will be expected ultimately to be able to lecture on Colonial welfare problems. Colonial exp. an advantage. Starting salary £400 p.a. to £600 p.a. according to qualifics. and experience. Applics., which should be accompanied by names of three refs., should be received by Sept. 21, 1947, by Sec., London School of Econs, Houghton St. W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

B.B.C. Applics. invited for a Programme official in School Broadcasting Department, whose work will include the preparation and presentation of News Commentaries and Current Affairs programmes. Ability to work quickly; adaptability and a wide general education essential. Exp. of journalism and/or teaching an additional qualification. Pending settlement of the Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding the post will be non-staff, on a consolidated salary scale rising by annual increments of £40 to max. £890 p.a. Applics. must be made on the prescribed form which can, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, on receipt of a stamped add. envelope. Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is Sept. 13.

CITY of Leicester. Museum and Art Gallery. Applics. invited for following appointments: (1) Keeper of Art, (2) Archivist. Salary in each case will be in accordance with National Joint Council scale, A.P.T. Division, Grades IV-VI (£420-£600), subject to efficiency bars at end of Grade IV and Grade V, plus cost of living bonus, at present £59 16s. p.a. (male) and £48 2s. p.a. (female). Appointments will be subject to National Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service, and of Local Govt. Officers' Superann Acts. Selected candidates will be reqd. to pass a medical examination. Further details of qualifics. reqd., duties and conditions of service may be obtained on application (accompanied by a stamped add. env.), to Director at the undermentioned address. Applics. must reach M. B. Hodge, Director, Museum and Art Gallery, New Walk, Leicester, by Sept. 30 next.

ESSEX C.C. County Planning Dept. Applics. invited for appointments on established staff of the Planning Department of Essex County Council for one Senior Planning Assistant at salary not exceeding max. of Grade VI A.P.T.D. (£600 p.a.) and four planning Assistants, each at a salary not exceeding max. for Grade III A.P.T.D. (£435 p.a.). Persons appointed to these posts will also be paid such war bonus as the Council may from time to time decide: at present the rate is 23s. p.w. for men and 18s. 6d. p.w. for women. Posts will be situated in different parts of the County, namely, in case of the Senior Assistant, at Colchester, and in cases of the other Assistants at Chelmsford, Leytonstone and Braintree and applicants for latter appointments should state their preference for one of these localities. Canvassing, directly/indirectly, will disqualify a candidate. Applics. should be made on forms obtainable from F. Longstreth Thompson, County Planning Adviser, Pearl Assurance Buildings, Chelmsford, to whom they should be returned with copies of not more than three testimonials (which will not be returned) as soon as possible.

SECRETARY-Typist required for University Department of French. Must have stenography in both languages. Box 8512.

Appointments Vacant—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Watford Technical and Art Institute, Queens Rd. Watford. Applics. invited for post of Head of Art Department. Candidates should be Associates of Royal College of Art or possess some other recognised diploma, and have had industrial and commercial art exp., together with teaching exp. Sal., Burnham Grade I, Head of Dept., £600×£25 to £750. Person appointed to post will be responsible to the Principal for organisation and development in dept. and will be reqd. to commence duty on Jan. 1, 1948. Forms of applic. and further partics. from Principal, to whom completed forms should be returned by Sept. 6.

BRITISH Broadcasting Corporation. Applics. invited from quald. accountants for post of Assistant in the Finance Division of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Applicants must have had some years' exp. in a professional accountant's office and some commercial or industrial exp. in addition an advantage. Pref. given to applicants between 23/35 yrs. of age. Salary is on a scale rising by increments of £30 to max. of £680 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Accountant (A)" within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

BRITISH Broadcasting Corporation. Applics. are invited from quald. accountants for a senior position in the central accounting unit of the Finance Division of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Applicants should have been articled or have had at least five years' training in a professional accountant's office and some additional commercial or industrial exp. would be an advantage. Exp. of budgetary control, costing and currency would be helpful. Pref. will be given to applicants between 28 and 40 years of age. Salary is on a scale varying with age and rising by increments of £45 to a max. of £995 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Accountant (B)" within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. has vacancies for Telediphone and Dictaphone Operators (British) in London. Applicants should be first-class typists with good education and knowledge of current events. Day and evening shift work involved. Please write stating age and experience to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marking applications "Telediphone Operators." Only applicants selected for interview will receive acknowledgment.

LANCASHIRE County Library. Applics. invited for post of Assistant at Headquarters, Preston. Sal. £330, rising to £375 plus war bonus at present £60 for men and £48 for women. Applics. must be Associates of Library Association but applics. will be considered from librarians who sat the Registration Exam. in June. Appointment is subject to provision of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Successful applicant will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applics., together with copies of 2 recent testimonials, to be sent to County Librarian, County Library, County Offices, Preston, by Sept. 6.

LANCASHIRE C.C. County Library. Applics. invited from women for post of Librarian at Lancaster Mental Hospital. Person appointed will, in addition to usual library duties, be expected to undertake and/or organise educational activities for patients. Applics. will therefore be considered from persons with suitable library, educational or social welfare exp. The appointment is subject to provisions of Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Successful applicant will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Sal. scale A.P.T.I (£330-£375) plus cost of living bonus (at present £48 p.a.). Further partics. of post from County Librarian, County Offices, Preston, to whom applications with 2 recent testimonials should be sent by Sept. 6.

MAIDA Vale Hospital for Nervous Diseases, London, W.9. The Board of Management invite applics. for post of Psychiatric Social Worker to Hospital for work with the Dept. of Psychological Medicine. Basic salary in accordance with new recog. scales, with £50 p.a. added as candidate will have responsibility of developing Psychiatric Social Work at the Hospital. There is an Almoner's Dept. Clerical assistance provided. 4 weeks' annual leave. Knowledge of modern record-keeping and follow-up methods essential. Further partics. on application to Sec. Applics. with names of not more than 3 refs. to be sent by Sept. 15.

EAST Sussex Education Crtee. Applics. invited for appointment of Warden of the Residential County Youth Centre, Stafford House, Hassocks. Salary from £200 p.q. resident (according to qualifics.). Further partics. and applic. forms may be obtained from J. H. Baines, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex, on receipt of a stamped add. foolscap env. Applic. to be made by Sept. 2.

Y.H.A. Regional Secretary reqd. Fairly wide knowledge and experience expected. Minimum salary £300 p.a. with annual increases. Applic. forms from Y.H.A., 16 Queen St. Manchester. 2.

CHILDREN'S Home (British Legion Women's Section), Lancaster House, Lancaster Park, Richmond, Surrey. 1. Assistant matron for 15 children, to take part in practical and theoretical training of students. Should have had a recog. training and considerable exp. of children of all ages, and should have some understanding of the special needs of homeless children. Salary: £200 p.a., with residence. 2. Assistant as Group Mother to 4 children, to start work in September, and to take training course from January. Salary: £100 p.a., with residence. 3. Students to take one-year training course in theory and practice of care of children in Homes, starting January, 1948. Salary while in training: £75 p.a. with residence. Applics. to Matron.

Appointments Vacant—continued

COUNTY Borough of Reading. Education Crtee. Applics. invited for appointment as Woman Assistant Warden of South Reading Community Centre. Person appointed will be reqd. to assist the Male Warden generally in organising social, educational and recreational activities of the Centre and will be responsible for organisation and development of all Centre activities for women and members of the girls' club. Applicants should have had training and/or experience in such work. High standard of education, admin. ability, knowledge and exp. of Local Govt. Service are desirable. A University degree, a Social Science Diploma or recognised teaching qualific. would be added adv. Salary will be in accordance with Grade II of the A.P.T. Division of the National Scales of Salaries comm. at £360 p.a., and rising to a max. of £405 p.a. plus bonus. Forms of applic., together with partics. of the appointment, may be obtained from P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St. Reading, by September 10, 1947.

OXFORDSHIRE C.C., Education Department. Applics. invited from married couples for joint appointment of resident Warden and Matron at Lashbrook House Children's Hostel, Shiplake, near Henley-on-Thames. The hostel is administered in co-operation with the County Child Guidance Service, and accommodates 12 boys and girls between 5 and 15 years, who attend local schools. Both candidates must have had exp. in Children's Homes or Hostels, and have a sympathetic understanding of the needs of children deprived of normal home life. It is also desirable for the wife to have a practical knowledge of household management. Joint salary £300-£10-£350 p.a., together with full board and lodging, according to exp. Applic. forms may be obtained from A. R. Chorlton, Director of Education.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Holborn Youth Centre. Trained male Assistant required for social work at Holborn Youth Centre. Practical experience of club work desirable. Salary: £394×£15 to £439. Applications, giving age and qualifications, to Town Clerk, Town Hall, High Holborn, W.C.1.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/12, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training nec. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-res. for local admin. posts. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £100 res. for assistants up to £220 res. for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. Linton Village College, Secondary Modern School. Quald. Assistant Mistress reqd. for General Subjects. Special ability to teach Needlework would be a recommendation. Forms of applic. to be returned as soon as possible, may be obtained on receipt of a stamped add. foolscap env. from Chief Education Officer (S), Shire Hall, Cambridge.

EDINBURGH: John Watson's School. Resident Master wanted in September for Geography to S.C. standard and general Lower School subjects. Teviot salary, superannuation, and free board. Apply Headmaster.

ST. MARY'S Town & Country School requires Sept.: At Stanford Park, nr. Rugby (boarding school) Senior English Master, experienced Froebel teacher, qualified matron; at 38 Eton Ave., N.W.3 (day school), experienced Froebel teacher, Senior Master to teach General subjects. Games, carpentry an asset.

WANTED as soon as possible Assistant Matron for this large day school, to give special help with preparation and service of school dinners. Apply Headmistress, Haberdashers' Aske's School, West Acton.

WANTED, adaptable woman with good literary style, for editorial work on medical journal. Shorthand essential; scientific background an advantage. Write Box U.800, Willings, 362 Grays Inn Rd. London, W.C.1.

AN experienced Secretary required by busy Executive. Good salary paid to able and efficient person capable of good typing and shorthand speeds. Ability to administer office essential. Knowledge of book-keeping an advantage. Box 8489.

RESEARCH laboratories req. yng. woman grad., prefy. with degree in Physics or Chemistry, with wide interests and good personality, as assistant in their library. Sound know. of German essential, and other languages an advantage. Apply by letter only, stating age and qualifics. to Director, Research Laboratories of General Electric Co., Ltd., North Wembley, Middx.

ECONOMIST age 25-35 reqd. Aug. as assistant in Market Research Dept. in London Head Office of important Oil and Chemical Group. Some industrial exp. desirable. Apply, giving full partics. of educ. and exp., Box 8355.

CAPABLE man or woman of high intelligence and integrity, as personal assistant to owner-manager of soundly established London retail radio and electrical business. State age and full partics. of career. Box 8368.

ORGANISING Secretary wanted for the Friends of the Lake District. Good knowledge of the district and interest in National Parks. Salary up to £500. Apply: H. H. Symonds, Pennington House, Ulverston, Lancs.

Appointments Vacant—continued

LEVER Brothers and Unilever, Ltd., have a vacancy for an expd. translator (woman) with a good knowledge of typewriting. Fluent French and Spanish essential. Apply by letter to Staff Dept., Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

CWMBRAN Youth Club. Full-time Leader reqd. to take charge of two Youth Clubs. Salary £300, superann. Applic. forms from Counc. F. J. Gifford, 82, Cocker Ave., Cwmbran, nr. Newport, Mon. Closing date Aug. 31.

INTELLIGENT Housekeeper to run and cook for comfortable home Hampstead. Two school-children. Daily help. Own bed-sitting room pleasantly furnished. Box 8033.

RESIDENT Cook-Caterer for Club and Hostel in B'ham. Approx. 200 meals dly. Box 538, 19-21 Corporation St. Birmingham.

PLEASANT friendly home with own sitting, bed and bathrooms, plus payment, offered young mother and child or 2 friends, for help in household. Garden, poultry, etc. Nicholls, Garthmere, Atherton, Manchester.

Appointments Wanted

ARCHITECTURAL Student, just passed final exams., desires interesting position. Knowledge of valuations. Will travel any country, any mission; car owner. All suggestions carefully considered. Box 8514.

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DESIGNER-Illustrator (A.R.C.A.) sks. commissions, or post with firm. Box 8628.

WOMAN graduate, 24, with training experience social work, psychology, wishes change employment. Not afraid hard work if interesting. London preferred. Box 8639.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

DORSET Chambers. Beaut. equip. service rooms, all mod. conven., central. 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. BAY. 1665.

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GIRL returning from abroad urgently requires unfurnished two-bedroom flat London, reasonable rent. Box 8496.

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Naturalization

NOTICE is hereby given that Miss Marguerite Heymann, of 16 Cedar Drive, Chichester, Sussex, is applying to the Home Secretary for naturalization, and that any person who knows any reason why naturalization should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Under Secretary of State, Home Office, S.W.1.

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